

The GRAPHIC



Twenty-First Year---April 11, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

AT SUNSET

By CLARENCE THOMAS URMY

Over the tired world blows
Breath of the sunset rose;

Wind in the redwood trees
Swept from the sundown seas;

Gleam on the hilltop high
Caught from a jeweled sky;

Dusk in the canyon deep
Shed from the wing of Sleep;

Prayer in a censer swung
Incense from heart and tongue,

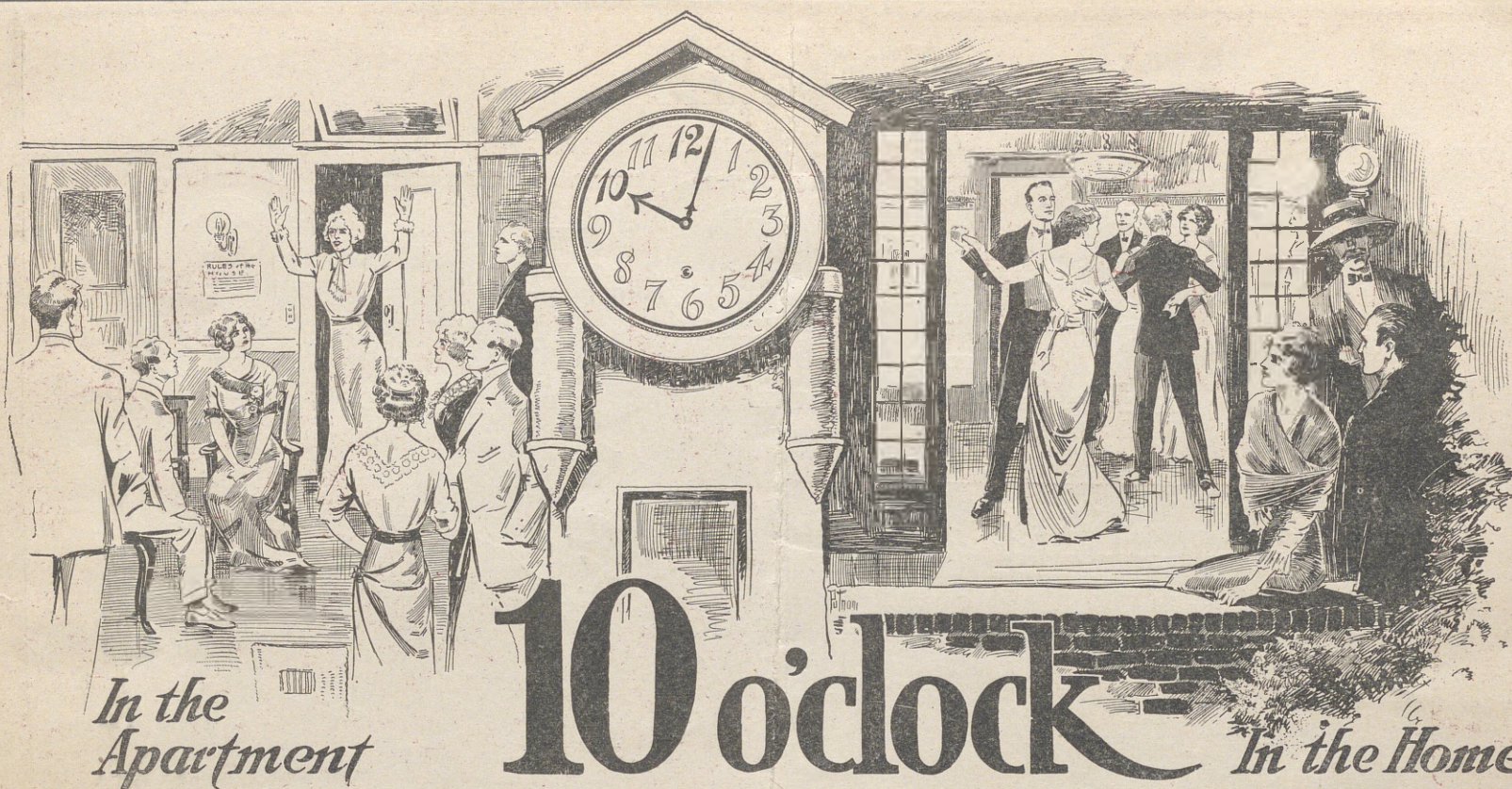
Dreams in a purple boat
Sailing from ports remote;

"Peace!" from a seraph fair
Floating through twilight air.

Over the tired world blows
Rest from the sunset rose.

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THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



SANE ARGUMENT VS. PERFERVID ORATORY

AFTER the perfervid oratory of the Hearst reflexes in congress with their absurd cant about truckling to British interests and "an American canal for American ships"—as if the country owned all the ships and the profits from their operation went into the United States treasury—it is a relief to consider the sane and sound Americanism of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge who refuses to deal with treaty questions in a partisan spirit. With fine irony he ridicules the Humphreys and the Knowlands and the Manns, who want to fight, if need be, for free tolls for the shipping trust, and who at no physical danger to themselves hurl defiance at a terror-stricken world.

How it stirs the martial blood of certain of our anglophobic societies that lap up every utterance calculated to make the British lion writhe! It is, as Senator Lodge observes, "a most agreeable pastime to those who engage 'n it" and is so safe a pursuit to boot. But as an argument it is not a bit convincing. The attitude of Ajax: defying the lightning is not inspiring if there is no lightning to be found, sententiously remarks the Massachusetts senator, adding, "The outcry about exhibiting subserviency to England or to any other country because the administration may see fit to ask for the repeal of the exemption clause seems hardly worthy of consideration. America is altogether too great and too powerful to be subservient 'o anyone." To make heroics about canal tolls when the only peril lies in ignoring the plighted word of the nation is the rankest kind of buncomb. Yet how the rabble falls for it and how the Pacific coast delegation in congress, with two exceptions, joins in the tintinnabulation!

Senator Lodge points out that from the high pinnacle of international esteem reached by the United States in 1909 the American republic has become distrusted and this fact, he says, is due to a number of reasons. He properly argues that such distrust would be further aggravated by doing a thing so useless as to subsidize a class of ships which do not need a subsidy. This is so palpable and so logical that we marvel at the misplaced energy of those who really seem sincere in their advocacy of free tolls. We wonder if they have stopped to consider that the building of the canal means the saving to shippers on a cargo of freight from San Francisco to New York of about \$4 a ton, which is the present cost of unloading at Panama and transferring it across the isthmus by railroad. Even though the coastwise vessels pay \$1.20 a ton in tolls there will remain a net gain to the shipper of \$2.80 a ton, which is the answer to those who pretend that we are parting with our mess of pottage to Great Britain and other foreign countries when we repeal the exemption clause.

Of course, we will do nothing of the kind. In addition to the saving indicated we compel the shipping trust to pay its fair proportion of the upkeep charges of the canal which, otherwise, the people who reap no direct benefit must subscribe. It is true that no charge for tolls is exacted on our inland government-improved canals, but there, at least, is no discrimination—all vessels are treated alike. At Panama the free tolls are sought to be remitted in favor of a few persons controlling the coastwise shipping and having no foreign competition. Why? The argument is that it will result in lower freight rates. Ridiculous! Already, by reason of the \$4 a ton saved, as shown, the railroads are debarred from competition. Does anybody seriously believe that the 2½ cents a hundred pounds on freight, which is what the remission of toll actually means, will be passed on to the shippers? Not much. With the railroads now demanding a five per cent increase in their freight rates to keep the receiver from the door what nonsense to assume that the awarding of free tolls will result in the further cutting of land freight rates! We repeat our previous assertion, that the sole result will be an increase of profits to the shipping trust of more than a million a year, at the expense of the whole people and the serious reflection on the honor of the country.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE FOLLY

WHEN the directors of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce committed its membership of upward of three thousand to free tolls we expressed the belief that it was treading on dangerous ground when it intermeddled in politics. There was no plebiscite taken showing an overwhelming desire of the members to ignore the Hay-Pauncefote treaty nor yet to vote a million dollars or more annually out of the pockets of the people into the treasury of the shipping trust in the form of a subsidy. It may be argued that it is not a political question. We reply that the debate proves conclusively to the contrary. Moreover, the attacks on the administration by its enemies seeking to disrupt the party in power amply corroborate our assertion.

We know many members of the chamber of commerce who resent the action taken by the directors in respect of free tolls and we repeat that their policy is exceedingly unwise as being outside the province of the organization and likely to produce internal dissension, thus tending to a splitting of the civic body into factions. If this is true of the free tolls question how much more so is true of the attempt to commit the organization, through a sub-committee of four, to the power bonds, an election for which the city council has called for May 8. At a conference, to which were invited representatives from the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, the Los Angeles Realty Board and other civic organizations, it was sought to commit the parent bodies in advance by a vote that the power bonds were favored by the several organizations represented. The four representatives of the chamber of commerce signified their willingness so to proceed although it was fairly certain that the membership at large had not been consulted and as a matter of fact, holds widely differing views as to the advisability of the proposed bond issue.

To the casual observer, even, it is self-evident no sure way could be devised to shatter the cohesiveness of the chamber of commerce membership than to continue its activities along such lines. We refuse to believe that the majority would vote to dishonor the country in order to subsidize a shipping trust just as much as we doubt if the greater number of its members are in favor of duplicating present power

equipment and voting heavier burdens on the tax-paying community, wholly without regard to vested rights. There is a strong undercurrent of belief that \$34,500,000 already invested in the aqueduct, plus the \$6,500,000 more now demanded, is only a beginning. If the people, in the mass, are induced to ratify the proposed bond issue it will mean another seven millions or more which, with interest, will place the total beyond the fifty million dollar mark. Perhaps, the chamber of commerce, through its sub-committee, is willing to go on record as favoring the plan, but as sure as it does without consulting the entire membership there will be intense dissatisfaction within the ranks. The directorate is riding for a heavy fall, we venture to suggest.

WORKS SCOLDS HIS CONSTITUENTS

SCOLDING those who do not agree with his point of view is one of the favorite pastimes of Senator Works. Because a dozen or more citizens of Los Angeles, prominent in business and professional life, wrote to the junior California senator declaring their belief in the repeal of the tolls exemption clause and expressing the hope that he might see his way clear to change his attitude Judge Works tartly replied that they were all wrong, that he was ashamed of them for their lack of patriotism and intelligence; that remitting tolls to a shipping monopoly was not only not a subsidy, but to impose them is in violation of that provision of the Constitution of the United States which inhibits the giving of preference to the ports of any state in the Union over those of another state. He denies that such remission is in violation of the treaty.

Apparently, it is a herculean task for the gentlemen he contemns to try to convince the senator that, perhaps, he is the one that is mistaken. Even former President Taft freely admitted that the exemption of tolls was a plain subsidy and Senator Works is hopelessly in the minority in arguing to the contrary. The Panama canal has cost the country \$375,000,000; to maintain and operate it will call for an outlay of upward of \$20,000,000 annually. For a number of years there will be a deficit in the earnings which the United States treasury must restore. Senator Works and his kind propose to increase that expense by excusing from payment the largest interest using the canal, to wit., coastwise vessels, whose tolls, it is estimated, will yield from one million to two million dollars annually. This sum, in addition to the natural deficit, he would compel the taxpayers at large to meet, although only a ridiculously small percentage of such will benefit from the tolls exemption through their increased profits in ship earnings. If that is not subsidy it is rank discrimination and in favor of a monopoly at the price of national honor as well as the national purse.

Senator Works lays great stress on the fact that local waterways and artificial canals all over the country have been improved, built and are maintained at public expense, ergo the Panama canal should be no exception. Domestic improvements of the nature stated are not subject to treaty regulations. It is true the locks at Sault Ste Marie are open to all vessels free of tolls, although built at government expense, but while the principle of tolls exemption is wrong there is no discrimination—all vessels, including Canadian, are treated exactly alike. In regard to the Panama canal, however, the rules and regulations governing its operation are stipulated by international treaty, subscribed to by the United States senate, through which we obligated ourselves to place on a parity the vessels of all nations. Not all other nations, but all nations, we being signatory to that pact. The history of canal legislation for

seventy-five years, dating back to 1826 when Henry Clay was secretary of state, commits this country to equitable rates to all nations alike. Secretary of State Clayton in 1850 and Secretary Blaine in 1881 reiterated this equality of terms and John Hay followed in the footsteps of his predecessors at a later date. Never has there been any deviation from the long-enunciated principle; when Senator Bard sought to exclude our coastwise vessels, the senate promptly rejected his amendment by a vote of 43 to 27 and later confirmed the treaty, to which Senator Bard also subscribed.

How is it that Senator Works has failed to insist that the Panama Railroad, which has been owned by the United States government for upward of a decade, shall give the coastwise vessels free use of the isthmus road? And, of course, the government-owned railroad which we are to build in Alaska should, by the same token, carry all freights free of tariffs for the benefit of the farmers and miners. Surely, they are just as much entitled to a friendly lift at the expense of the whole people as the shipping combine which is already protected from foreign competition. The absurdity of the senator's position is made apparent by these suggested parallel discriminations. Moreover, there is no international treaty obligation interdicting such rebates on the Panama Railroad or in Alaska.

Senator Works insinuates that the gentlemen who hold opposite views to his on the tolls question are uninformed and have no appreciation of the consequences. To the contrary, it is because they have informed themselves that they have appreciation of the evil results that will follow were our plighted faith to be broken. The senator would ignore the treaty and on top of it present a monopoly with a million dollars or more a year of the people's money, not his money. That is a species of loyalty almost approaching in sublimity the patriotism of Artemus Ward, who was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relatives on the altar of his country in the Civil War.

SHORTCOMINGS ARE MUTUAL

WITH great interest we have followed the oratory of former Congressman W. W. Bowers at the first campaign rally of San Diego's Straight Republican Club, attended, we are assured by partisan journals, by "more than ten thousand enthusiastic Republicans." It is, in effect, a reply to Governor Johnson's speech at San Diego in which he challenged his opponents to point to any one act of his administration that can be justly condemned. Mr. Bowers finds in the ballot of 1912, that disfranchised the Republicans of California through the non-printing of the Republican electoral ticket on the official ballot, the result of a bad law for which Governor Johnson is mainly responsible and he quoted Chief Justice Beatty in support of his contention. Says Mr. Bowers:

As a specimen of how they "Let the people rule," as well as of the quality and ethics of Progressive reform, or, more correctly speaking, of Progressive thievery, it is unparalleled in the political history of California.

He forgot. At the primary election preceding, the governor and his following were foremost in urging members of the third party to make affidavits that they were Republicans and would affiliate with the Republican party, in order to get on the ticket, when as a matter of fact they had renounced that party and had no intention of affiliating with it. In that delightfully honest fashion Representative Bell edged in on the ballot, was nominated for congress as a Republican and after election promptly deserted the party. He is now engaged in scolding Mr. Wilson for trying to uphold the honor of the country instead of advocating a subsidy to the shipping trust.

This may be "keeping the faith of Abraham Lincoln" as construed by Governor Johnson, but Mr. Lincoln would hardly have pursued the course advised by the governor and followed with such alacrity by the subsidy voter, Mr. Bell, who makes so free with the funds of the people. The Republican party, we will admit, is by no means the defunct organization its Progressive opponents characterize it, but it

cannot forge ahead, it cannot regain the confidence of the masses so long as the leaders continue to play the sordid politics evidenced by Representative Knowland who aspires to the United States senate, or like the arch-subsidist Humphreys of Washington, to the north, or Mann or any other politician who flouts ethics and economic considerations in order to make political capital. The party must rise above contemptible politics of that nature before it can hope to be restored to power.

STATE PRINTING OFFICE DISRUPTION

WHAT'S this? The boasted efficiency of the state printing office reduced to hapless disorder! Speak, speak, State Printer Friend William Richardson! What mean these dire whisperings that seep down from the north? Is it possible that your office has had to yield to interior pressure, as charged, and that the resignation of the foreman, Mr. F. J. Smith, to take effect May 15, is due to the "arbitrary demands of certain dissatisfied workmen?" We recall that Mr. Smith's own efficiency has never been questioned; to the contrary, so satisfactory has been his work that, after two years of proof, his salary was raised by the head of the department of public printing voluntarily.

What, then, is the public to infer from Mr. Smith's unexpected resignation? And will Mr. Richardson please explain the condition of affairs in the state printing office, as indicated by Mr. Smith, in his letter of resignation of which the following is an accurate copy. It is dated, Sacramento, March 7, 1914, but, we believe, this is the first publicity it has received. Addressed to Mr. F. W. Richardson, state printer, it reads:

Dear Sir: I herewith tender my resignation, to take effect immediately, or at your convenience. The prime reason for this course is to gratify the arbitrary demands of certain dissatisfied workmen, who are displeased with the efficiency system which prevails at the state printing office. This is but a natural sequence. These men band themselves together to make a job last. An executive organizes to get the work done. Let him quit trying to turn the work out and no room for conflict or contention remains. There is a vast distinction between employment in a state institution and a private printing plant. In a state position there is constant pressure for laxity and a demand for increase of salary is always on the tapis. Fifty cents to \$1 more a day than the prevailing wage rate is usually demanded and nearly always paid. The man who would be popular at the head of a state institution must be inefficient. That is the first requisite. He must not know what is going on and should never be so indiscreet as to aim to get the work done. He should have no office rules, no system, no discipline. In state employment an executive must take his choice between "dissatisfied customers" and "contented workmen," or between "satisfied customers" and "discontented workmen." Either horn of the dilemma is hell for the head. The politic, popular thing to do is to run the institution lax and choose the lesser evil and disappoint the customer, since by this method you "take care" of more craftsmen and thus win the approbation of delegations, whose approval you must have, else vague mutterings and intimidating threats will crack about your ears like a bull-whip. Now seems to be the accepted time to "shake down" the administration and destroy the discipline and efficiency of the state printing office. "Pressure" is now being used in this direction. My future depends upon my efficiency, just the same as any professional man's success depends upon his skill. If I am to be hampered in my work by "influences" that would have no legitimate standing in the commercial world, but which resolves into big hobgoblins in the state service, I think I had best return to private life. Will all good wishes, Sincerely,

F. J. SMITH.

It is painful to learn in view of the above that Mr. Richardson has accepted Mr. Smith's resignation, to take effect May 15. Presumably, his successor will possess the popular "requisite" of inefficiency. It is a sorry outlook and if in the state printing office, undoubtedly, like conditions obtain in similar institutions owned and operated by "the people" as contrasted with private ownership and operation. It is a sidelight on the two systems calculated to give taxpayers in municipality and state pause. How does Los Angeles like the prospect of supplanting, for instance, efficiency in one of her semi-public utilities now threatened by the craze for municipal ownership? After sinking millions and getting everything but satisfactory and economical service the taxpayers will realize what folly they have committed in

case they yield to the selfish advice of a newspaper publisher who is said to be the largest stockholder in one of the biggest power plants on the Pacific coast.

TARDY REPARATION TO COLOMBIA

NEWS that amicable relations have been restored between the Colombian government at Bogota and the state department at Washington will be received with genuine gratification by all fair-minded students of pan-American affairs who have long realized the injustice that was dealt Colombia when in defiance of treaty obligations we helped Panama to establish her independence and "took over" the canal zone. Naturally, Colombia has been aggrieved, but as a weaker nation all she could do was to file her protest and trust to the nation's sense of honor to make amends.

That Colombia was entitled to reparation all experts on international law and the equities have admitted. But our statesmen were loth to confess that the United States was in the wrong for fear it might affect our *status quo* on the isthmus, so for more than a decade we have been playing at cross purposes. We have offered a monetary consideration indirectly, through a proposal to pay for an option to build another interoceanic canal by the Atrato route and for the rights of establishing coaling stations on the islands of St. Andreas and Providencia, but as these overtures were rejected by Bogota in the closing hours of the Taft administration, the negotiations with Colombia were, perforce, abandoned. The bad feeling at Bogota was reflected in other Central American republics, rendering our diplomatic relations strained and difficult. This embarrassing situation Mr. Bryan has striven assiduously to relieve and the conclusion of the treaty by which Colombia is to receive \$25,000,000 from the United States for the loss of Panama is a happy outcome of what must be conceded was anything but strictly honorable conduct on the part of the United States.

For the successful consummation of the treaty Secretary Bryan is deserving of the highest encomiums. So long as the contentions of the statesmen at Bogota remained unconsidered all attempts to promote friendlier relations with the Latin-American countries were received with frigid politeness. Our motives were suspected, our assurances questioned. Treaties were all right in their way, but what good did a treaty do Colombia was the natural argument when it was sought to bind our neighbors in amity by treaty obligations beneficial to both parties. Colonel Roosevelt, of course, did not mean to commit the United States to a policy that forever damned us in the eyes of our Latin-American neighbors in case of our refusal to make reparation. As it is, our tardiness to admit error and afford compensation have cost us the confidence of our sister republics which it will take years to recover. But the treaty effected by Mr. Bryan will pave the way to a much better understanding and pleasanter relations.

TUESDAY'S ELECTIONS IN ILLINOIS

CHICAGO imposed too great a burden on her women voters in counting on their making a clean sweep of the undesirable element in the city council at Tuesday's elections. What the men have been unable to do in a quarter of a century it were unreasonable to expect the women to attain at their initial exercise of the franchise. Ultimately, by cooperation with the male forces, waging unrelenting war upon the John Coughlins and the "Hinky Dinks," they are likely to triumph, but the road to success is neither asphalted nor rock-ballasted, while the shots from ambush will be many and the progress of the reformers is likely to be halted continually by the obstacles they must inevitably encounter.

That all nine women candidates for the city council were defeated is not surprising. Their advent in local politics is too recent to have instilled confidence in their fellow citizens, even the most liberal-minded, and the outcome is a natural sequence. It will be several years before conservative men will have overcome their prejudices sufficiently to vote

regardless of sex differences, real or fancied. Even the women were slow to exercise their newly-acquired rights as evidenced by the voting of less than fifty per cent of the registration. In the First ward, where it was hoped that the woman candidate would give Coughlin a smart tussle, the veteran councilman of twenty-five years' experience scored an easy victory of four to one. The other eight women were even worse beaten.

But if the reform element in Chicago suffered disappointment the prohibitionists up state had occasion to rejoice over the returns which disclose sixteen additional "dry" counties to the thirty previously recorded, with a corresponding curtailment of one thousand saloons in Illinois. As a rule this was accomplished through the support of the women at the polls. But in Springfield, where the "wets" were triumphant, the women seem to have reversed the usual order, 4576 joining the majority for saloons to 4300 against. The total vote at the state capital insuring open saloons was 12,257 to 8256. Aurora, having the Burlington carshops, went "wet," but Freeport, originally settled by Germans, has surprised the pro-liquor element by voting dry, which will close forty-six saloons. While the temperance forces had hoped to put 3000 saloons out of business in Illinois that they have achieved one-third of their object is decidedly to their credit. The late president of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, would have found cause for great rejoicing in her closing hours had she lived long enough to hear the news from Illinois and Minnesota, which latter state also recorded notable accretions to the "dry" column at interior points.

PLAIN WORDS FOR KNOWLAND

OSTENSIBLY, to take part in the harbor celebration Saturday, Representative Joseph R. Knowland of the Sixth California district has left Washington for Los Angeles. Actually, of course, he visits Southern California to sound out the community in regard to his senatorial aspirations. It is unfortunate for Knowland and doubly unfortunate for the state he has disgraced that the Alameda politician stands convicted of wilful blackguardism in his insinuations against President Wilson. As we commented at the time, he had not even the excuse of Senator Jones of pioneering in his debasing statement, which the North Yakima senator presently retracted. Unabashed by the apology uttered by Jones, Knowland, a few days later reiterated the accusation that Mr. Wilson's position relative to Panama canal tolls is the result of an agreement with the British minister to help us in Mexico.

No wonder the President stigmatized it as "the crowning insult" of a debate whose main object, so far as the opponents to repeal are concerned, is to discredit the administration, disrupt the party in power and go to the country with an issue founded on misrepresentation, prejudice and economic retrogression. Following the deserved characterization by Mr. Wilson of his conduct Knowland shifted his toes and whined to the effect that if the President had read his speech carefully, he would have seen that no charge of a deal was made. "I merely asked if there was a deal," explained sly Joseph. There spoke the true Knowland, the type of, cheap, contemptible politician who damns by insinuation. His attempted defense caused the New York Post to express its contempt for the Alameda man's insincerity in this wise:

"Is it true," says the Knowland type of orator, "that on the night of March 11 the President, disguised as a chauffeur, met the German ambassador disguised as a messenger boy, in a cafe not far from the White House, and handed over to him the plans of the dreadnought Alaska in exchange for ten crisp twenty-five thousand dollar bills? Not that I affirm that such a meeting took place; or that there is such a cafe in the vicinity of the White House, or that there are gold certificates of the denomination I have mentioned. I have simply put the question."

That he had no facts upon which to base his tenuous argument mattered little to Knowland. He is a candidate for the United States senate and to his peculiar mentality any form of partisan attack would be indorsed by his home constituency of the Repub-

lican faith. What an insult to the people of California! What an amazingly contemptible estimate in which to hold the voters whose suffrages he seeks! Knowland is now making a play for the women's vote of California and in pursuance of that plan he franked a document the other day denouncing the Democratic attitude toward suffrage and belauding his efforts to give the women justice. In commenting on this we called attention to his profound silence when the constitutional amendment was before the people and suggested that he had missed his opportunity to express his convictions if he had any, on equal suffrage, at a time when oratory would count. Fully confirming our statement as to Knowland's cowardice is the following communication received from Mr. John Aubrey Jones of Oakland, who writes from that city under date of April 5 to this effect:

What you have said concerning Joseph R. Knowland's muteness on the question of woman suffrage until after the fact, this writer attests from personal knowledge. Not once did Mr. Knowland, as a member of congress at home between sessions, speak in public in advocacy of giving to women the elective franchise. In Alameda county, a very extensive and earnest speech-making campaign was conducted by the women, aided by a few men as speakers. First and foremost among them was J. Stitt Wilson, then mayor of Berkeley. This writer made two speeches for the women's cause, in Mr. Knowland's home town, Alameda. That gentleman not only did not speak for suffrage, he did not attend the meetings or in any other way openly show himself a supporter of the women's cause. He was a politician expecting to succeed himself as congressman for another term. He had not the moral courage to antagonize the voters who were opposed to the suffrage amendment. J. Stitt Wilson was Mr. Knowland's opponent for congress at the next state election, and, although he ran as a Socialist candidate, he gave Knowland a scare. This was attributed to the great vote Wilson received from the women, in recognition and appreciation of his loyal assistance in furthering their plea for the franchise. Mr. Knowland as an aspirant for nomination for United States senator undoubtedly fears the opposition of the women may more than overcome the support that he relies on from the voters who have been and who are opposed to woman suffrage. Hence, the cajolery by Knowland spoken of in your editorial. But that politician will probably have it brought home to him very forcibly that the women are not to be cajoled against their knowledge of his recusancy when his aid was needed and would have been of value. Women do not admire a moral coward any more than they do a physical coward.

When we accused Knowland of pretending to be in favor of woman suffrage and making no effort to help the cause from the platform in his own state we wrote from memory, having followed the campaign of 1910 closely. We are glad to be corroborated so completely by one of his constituents, who has proved the representative from the Sixth district to be a humbug as well as a defamer of the President. Perhaps, the Republican party in California can afford to indorse a man of his stamp for United States senator, but if so it argues a fearful dearth of good material in its ranks. Alameda may be satisfied with him as a representative in congress, but the state should wrathfully repudiate such an affront to its self-respect.

"COUPLING" OF A HUNTER-NATURALIST

THAT tendency to couple everything animate or inanimate that runs or goes, which was painfully apparent in Colonel Roosevelt's "African Game Trails," again obtrudes in his latest contribution to current literature. In "A Hunter-Naturalist in the Brazilian Wilderness," first instalment of which appears in the April Scribner's, the colonel tells of a journey up the Paraguay river, from Asuncion in the state of Paraguay. His plan was to ascend the river as nearly as possible to the head of navigation, thence cross to the sources of one of the affluents of the Amazon and, if possible, descend it in canoes built on the spot. Incidentally, it was his intention to obtain collections of fauna and flora from the divide between the headwaters of the Paraguay and the Amazon (and its southern affluents) for the American museum.

Colonel Roosevelt's style is sprightly and graphic but not polished. Perhaps, he is too virile a man to care about the niceties of the English language and

yet it is a pity, for one enjoying his vogue should have due care not to lead young America astray in any particular. By his "coupling" propensity he seems to be obsessed, seldom employing the shorter, Anglo Saxon word to express duality. In Africa he never saw two lions together or two springbok, but always a couple of them, which he usually chased for a couple of hours, a couple of his black men following close at his heels. Out of curiosity we have gathered the following examples of this incorrect usage of couple to denote two as contained in the colonel's contribution to the April Scribner's:

A couple of naturalists (p. 408).
A couple of hundred miles from any white man (p. 408).
A couple of months previously (p. 408).
A couple of revolvers (p. 410).
A couple of canvas covers (p. 410).
A couple of United States army flannel shirts (p. 410).
A couple of silk shirts (p. 410).
A couple of hundred yards wide (p. 417).
A couple of months (p. 418).

Why the colonel should object to the plainer, simpler, shorter word "two" is not readily discernible. He certainly knows that neither days nor months nor years can be coupled for they lapse singly. Doubtless, he has fallen into a careless habit and as on page 410 where, in half a dozen lines in succession, he drops into the vernacular, the repetition of couple seems to be unnoticed by him. Once only in his article his use of the word is thoroughly authorized. It is on page 432 where he writes of "a married couple from Austria." For this relief much thanks.

HUERTA'S FOOLISH DENIALS EXPLAINED

HUERTA'S continued denial of the fall of Torreon resolves itself into a sort of pact with the bankers and big business men, who have advanced his administration funds on doubtful securities, to suppress all "bearish" news until his backers have had opportunity to unload on the innocents. With this in view it is easier to understand why the dictator refuses to admit the defeat of his troops at Torreon, even as he will be found later denying the taking of Tampico, the occupation of Mazatlan and the capture of Monterey by Villa and his subordinate generals. The policy is to deny everything and admit nothing.

It is the ostrich's foolishness humanized. Nobody is duped by the declarations and the statements in the local Mexican press, terrorized by Huerta, that Villa has been routed really deceive no one. There are grapevine specials in Mexico as in other countries where news is censored or doctored and the actual facts, although delayed in transit, cannot fail ultimately to permeate the capital to the further weakening of confidence in the de facto government. The harder Huerta denies the more parlous becomes his situation, since the quick-witted will argue that his attempted concealment of the truth is because he has good reason to fear unpleasant consequences. Uprisings from within are, in fact, the greatest menace Huerta now faces. He is not sure of his army, he cannot count upon the people's loyalty; still less so can he trust either soldier or civilian once it becomes known that all outer citadels have fallen and Villa is marching unobstructedly to the gates of the capital.

Expulsion of Spanish residents at Torreon, for alleged pro-Huerta proclivities, is causing embarrassment to the state department, since our government has assured the Spanish ambassador at Washington that the United States will procure for Spanish subjects every right to which they are entitled under international law and usages. Carranza seems unable to control Villa, who is disposed to act first and consider rules and regulations afterward. Doubtless, the rebels have grievances in individual cases against Spanish subjects at Torreon, but to punish all by expulsion in the manner proposed is a breach of laws which the United States will be bound to protest. Presumably, General Villa will be disposed to moderate his sweeping decision when he finds that Uncle Sam will not stand for it. He is not wholly unreasonable.

Brief Studies of Alfred Noyes' Work---IV. By HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

In "Flos Mercatorum" Mr. Noyes has given us London of the days of Henry the Fifth, and a wonderful London it is. Richard Whittington in this scene enters the city a barefoot boy. He became, as you know, Lord Mayor of London and remembering his own struggle for existence in the city, built up a better and cleaner system of patrol, schools and sanitation. Here is Mr. Noyes' description of the pageantry of that time. Dick Whittington is riding one of the train of horses that bring wool-packs from Mendip up to the city.

Bravely swelled his heart to see the moat of London glittering
Round her mighty wall—they told him—two miles long!
Then he gasped as echoing in by grim Aldgate,
Suddenly their shaggy nags were nodding through a throng:

Prentices in red and ray, marchaunts in their saf-
fron,
Aldermen in violets and minstrels in white,
Clerks in homely hoods of budge, and wives with
crimson wimples,
Thronging all to welcome him that happy summer
night.

"Back!" they cried. And "Clear the way!" and
caught the ringing bridle-reins:
"Wait!" the Watch is going by this Vigil of St.
John!"
Merrily laughed the chapmen then, reining their
great white horses back,
"When the pageant passes lad, we'll up and follow
on!"

There, as thick the crowd surged beneath the blos-
somed ale-poles,
Lifting up to Whittington a fair face afraid,
Swept against his horse by a billow of mad-cap
prentices
Hard against the stirrup breathed a green gowned
maid.

Swift he drew her up and throned her there before
him,
High above the throng with her laughing April
eyes
Like a queen of Faerie on the great pack-saddle.
"Hey!" laughed the chapman, "the prentice wins
the prize!"

"Whittington! Whittington! the world is all before
you!"
Blithely rang the bells and the steeples rocked
and reeled!
Then he saw her eyes grow wide as all along by
Leadenhall
Drums rolled, earth shook and shattering trumpets
pealed.

Like a marching sunset there from Leadenhall to
Aldgate
Flared the crimson cressets—O, her brows were
haloed then!
Then the stirring steeds went by with all their
mounted trumpeters,
Then in ringing harness a thousand marching men.

Marching—marching—his heart and all the halber-
diers,
And his pulses throbbing with the throbbing of the
drums;
Marching—marching—his blood and all the burga-
nets!"
"Look!" she cried, "O, look," she cried, "and now
the morrice comes!"

Dancing—dancing—her eyes and all the Lincoln
green,
Robin Hood and Friar Tuck dancing through the
town!
"Where is Marian?" Laughingly she turned to
Richard Whittington.

"Here," he said and pointed to her own green gown.

Dancing—dancing—her heart and all the morrice-
bells!
Then there burst a mighty shout from thrice a
thousand throats!
Then, with all their bows bent and sheaves of
peacock arrows
Marched the tall archers in their white silk coats,
White silk coats with the crest of London city
Crimson on the shoulder, a sign for all to read,
Marching—marching—and then the sworded hench-
men,
Then William Walworth on his great stirring steed.

Burned with magic changes his blood and all the
pageantry;
Burned with deep-sea changes the wonder in her
eyes;
Flos Mercatorum! 'Twas the rose-mary of Paphos,
Reddening all the city for the prentice and his
prize!

London was mighty when her merchants
loved their merchandise,
Bales of Eastern magic that empurpled wharf and
quay;

London was mighty when her booths were a dream-
market,
Loaded with the colors of the sunset and the sea.

There is all their glory with the Virgin on their
banners,
Glory out of Genoa, the Mercers might be seen
Walking to their company of marchaunt adven-
turers—
Gallantly they jetted it in scarlet and in green.

There in all the glory of the lordly Linen Armour-
ers
Walked the marchaunt tailors with the pilgrims of
their trade
Fresh from adventuring in Italy and Flanders,
Flos Mercatorum! For a green gowned maid.

Mr. Noyes has given a fresh turn to the story of
Richard Whittington's cat. The green-gowned maid
of the lyric just quoted finally became Whittington's
wife. The scene ends with a delightful description
of Henry the Fifth's visit to London after the cam-
paign in France.

On that night he (Whittington) made a feast
For London and the King. His feasting hall
Gleamed like the magic cave that Prester John
Wrought out of one huge opal. East and West
Lavished their wealth on that great citizen
Who, when the King from Agincourt returned
Victorious, but with empty coffers, lent
Three times the ransom of an Emperor
To fill them—on the royal bond, and said
When the king questioned him of how and whence,
"I am the steward of your City, sire!
There is a sea, and who shall drain it dry?"

And when the Queen,
Catherine, wondered at the costly woods
That burned upon his hearth, the Marchaunt rose,
He drew the great sealed parchment from his
breast,

The bond the king had given him on his loans,
Loans that might drain the Mediterranean dry.
"They call us hucksters, Madam, we that love
Our City," and into the red-hot heart of the fire
He tossed the bond of sixty-thousand pounds.
"The fire burns low," said Richard Whittington....

Aside from the beauty of the blank verse and the
lyrics of this scene, there remains that clever inter-
pretation of character which allows us to appreciate
why a bare-foot boy should become Lord Mayor of
London, especially in the days of Henry V, and live
and die respected in his country. But Mr. Noyes
always pays tribute to that spirit of democracy which
recognizes a man that is a man, and therein does
Mr. Noyes differ from a great many of his country-
men.

The final scene is the tragedy of Sir Walter Ral-
eigh's life and death. It is possibly the strongest of
all the Mermaid songs. Its tenor is necessarily dig-
nified and grave, yet always beautiful in either ex-
pression or thought or both. It has to be read in its
entirety, even more than any of the other scenes, to
be appreciated. Of all the "golden lads" of the
Mermaid Tavern, only Ben Jonson is left, with
Brome, who was once his servant but who is now
a poet of some repute. It is midnight. Presently,
the bells ring in the New Year:

"New songs, new voices, all as fresh as May,"
Said Ben to Brome, "but I shall not live
To hear them."

All was not so well indeed,
With Ben, as hitherto. Age had come upon him.

The critics bayed against the old lion now,
Calling him arrogant. He never stooped.
Never once pandered to that brainless hour. . . .
His coat was threadbare. . . .

Mr. Noyes' appreciation of Jonson's love for the
classics is evident in the last lyric, supposed to have
been recited by Jonson as Brome is about to leave
him that night of the New Year:

Marlowe is dead and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone!
Our Ocean-shepherd sleeps beneath the wave;
Robin is dead and Marlowe in his grave.
Why should I stay to chant an idle stave,
And in the Mermaid Tavern drink alone?
For Kit is dead and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone....

I drink to that great Inn beyond the grave!
If there be none the gods have done us wrong!
Ere long I hope to chant a better stave,
In some great Mermaid Inn beyond the grave;
And quaff the best of earth that heaven can save.
Red wine like blood, deep love of friends and
song!

I drink to that great Inn beyond the grave
And hope to greet my golden lads ere long.

Mr. Noyes closes the doors of the Mermaid Inn
gently and leaves with us a better understanding of
the men of those rare days of song and sea-adven-
turing. He has re-created for us the Elizabethan
days as we like to imagine them. He speaks openly,

shunning no responsibility when dealing with the
sins of that age. There is not a trace of cant in his
verse, although he manifests often a deep religious
feeling. An Oxford man, Mr. Noyes brings no un-
pleasant trace of it into his verse. He is never pe-
dantic, nor is it ponderous as is his contemporary
Mr. Bridges, the poet-laureate. Even in Mr. Noyes'
more intimate lyrics he exercises a fine restraint,
which, coupled with his keen sense of humor, is
perhaps no small proof of his title to a great future.
His verse is free from Browningsque complexities
and laborious preludes. He is not tiring. Even when
he is brilliantly technical his verse is clear and
strong. He is as capable of variegated phraseology
as was his contemporary Mr. Swinburne, yet he
never allows the magic of words to blind him or
divert his true flight. His satire, when he does em-
ploy it, is broad, deep, and national. There is no
trace in his work of the "pathetic fallacy," that sen-
timentalism of self-sorrowing which many poets em-
ploy, and often effectively among a certain—or per-
haps better still an uncertain class of readers.

Let us hope that Mr. Noyes will guard against
the temptation to write too much, for, undoubtedly,
the temptation is ever before him. He is popular
here and in his native country. His work is in great
demand. If, as the papers have stated, he has been
offered a chair in Princeton University, the fact
compliments the faculty even as it does the poet.
We understand that Mr. Noyes married an Ameri-
can girl. That alone should endear him to us, con-
sidering that he is said to earn his own bread; that
he is doing something in the world. He is a friendly
man.

HEART-BURNINGS OVER BANK SITES

NATURALLY, disappointment follows in certain
of the candidate cities for regional reserve bank
sites, but there is little likelihood of a revision of
choice. Unquestionably, the selections were made
with due regard to the conditions of trade, capitali-
zation and the exchange methods of the banks of
each district. President Wilson is quoted as saying
that he believes the list of selections as published
will not be upset by the government reserve board
when it is named. He takes the position that the
present adverse criticism heard in spots will wear off
after the law goes into actual operation and the wis-
dom of the selections becomes more apparent.

So far as the Pacific coast is concerned there was
unanimity of opinion that if only one reserve bank
was apportioned to this region it should go to San
Francisco; Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles so con-
curring. The cities chosen are twelve in number, as
follows:

Dist. Reserve No. City.	Population 1910.	Reserve b'k capital.
1. Boston	670,585	\$ 9,931,740
2. New York	4,766,883	20,687,616
3. Philadelphia	1,149,008	12,993,013
4. Cleveland	560,663	11,621,535
5. Richmond	127,628	6,543,281
6. Atlanta	154,839	4,702,780
7. Chicago	2,185,263	13,151,825
8. St. Louis	687,029	6,219,323
9. Minneapolis	301,408	4,702,864
10. Kansas City	248,381	5,594,916
11. Dallas	92,104	5,634,091
12. San Francisco	416,912	8,115,524

That New Orleans should be omitted and Dallas
named is likely to cause surprise. The San Fran-
cisco Chronicle sees in this a political attempt to
create financial centers where none now exists; also
that Secretary Houston favored Texas unduly while
New Orleans is "in bad" with the administration,
comment which should be received diffidently until
the governing reasons are made apparent. Doubt-
less, Denver and Omaha are equally indignant that
neither was named when Missouri was honored at
both ends of the state. We must not forget, how-
ever, that Kansas City is practically the financial
center of Kansas although it is credited to Missouri.
New Orleans can serve only in one direction. Per-
haps, Atlanta is better fitted geographically and from
trade reasons to act as a reserve center.

Workers in Detroit breweries have struck for
higher wages and shorter hours. These specifica-
tions seem to indicate that the supply of free beer is
in nowise curtailed.

Travel Sketches: The Maoris of New Zealand

By James A. Keeney

WE met him aboard the SS. Tahiti. He was returning home to New Zealand. He had been born there, had prospered and was a notable man of affairs in his land. He was a member of parliament and a justice of peace. When he spoke there was the hush of silence that betokened his importance.

We were interested in him at once—and for a particular reason. He had reached heights few pakehas (white men) attain and he was but a native Maori, New Zealand's own son, but one generation removed from a tribe of the fiercest cannibals, yet bravest warriors, the south seas have ever produced.

He had been away from home for the first time, traveling abroad in California, and was telling a group of fellow passengers of his many adventures in this wild, lawless part of the United States. He had been to San Francisco and luckily escaped being held up by highwaymen. He produced clippings from the daily papers to prove that such atrocities were of nightly occurrence. He described the railway journey to Los Angeles as one beset with many perils. He marveled at his own escape from train robbers and road agents. Such were the impressions of this New Zealander of our California.

After congratulating him upon the happy outcome of his journey we found that he had not only a keen appreciation of life, but also a real sense of humor. This was realized when we told him that although we were expecting to remain a month or more in his country we had felt more or less timid when approaching it because we had read of the terrible man-eating Maoris who lived there and feared that we might not be so fortunate in our escape as he had been.

Immediately, he regaled us with a long dissertation on the delights and safety of travel in his country, and assured us that we had nothing to fear from his native brothers as there were not many of them left, scarcely 40,000, and, furthermore, the government had passed stringent laws forbidding cannibalism.

We felt relieved to know that there were so few of them, as there was hardly enough of us to make one good feast and we did not want any of the Maoris prosecuted for cannibalism on our account. Entirely reassured, we decided to pass a goodly portion of our time along the Wanganui river and the thermal district of the North Island, studying so far as we were able these interesting people, undoubtedly, the finest type, both physically and mentally, all of the Polynesian races.

Tasman and Cook, the explorers, found them guarding their island jealously against foreign invasion. Their civilization at that time and in fact up to a generation ago, had not advanced beyond the stone age. However, they were a people of the temperate zone, where to live means to work, and they had never suffered the atrophy of indolence as had their brothers of the more tropical islands.

Maori means native or "original settler," but the tribal legends would indicate that a few centuries ago they came in from other islands and drove out a weaker tribe. They held their lands successfully against all white settlers until 1840 when they made a treaty with England. In 1860 they became dissatisfied and a fierce war against the English broke out which lasted continuously until 1871. I mention this to show how capable they were in matters of warfare.

Not more than 50,000 half naked savages armed only with bows, arrows, spears and waddies, were able for eleven years successfully to repulse the English army equipped with modern arms. The final treaty of peace at Wanganui gave to the Maoris practically all of the public lands, which the New Zealand government must now rent or purchase from them when required for settlement. There are several important towns that are built almost wholly upon Maori holdings. It can readily be seen that with the ever increasing value of these lands this small tribe of people is extremely wealthy. This may, in a measure, account for the number of marriages that occur between white men and Maori women. Even the English nobility has been lured by the charms of the native belles (and their lands). Fortunately, New Zealand society is not snobbish, and accepts the Maori brides on an entirely equal footing with the other women of the colony.

The Maoris are represented in parliament by three or four native members and are thoroughly alive to the protection of their own interests. The tribal matters are under the control of chiefs and their sub chiefs, but the Tehunga or Medicine man, probably exercises a greater influence than any other person. The functions of his office are akin to those of the witch doctors of many other uncivilized peo-

ples, but the Maori has such absolute confidence in the infallibility of the Tehunga that he becomes an important factor in his domestic life. If a child is sick, the mother rushes to the Tehunga for a "medicine" which is in no sense pharmaceutical, but, a few incantations, whereby, with the aid of the spirit-pole he will be able to tell whether the child will live or die. If he sees the spirit go up the pole he informs the parent that the child will die. After this pronouncement the poor, foolish mother will make no effort to save its life, not even nourishing it, and, of course, the child invariably dies.

If a man has an enemy and applies to the Tehunga for his assistance in getting rid of him, a medicine is fixed, the "spirit-pole" consulted and the enemy is informed that before a certain day he will be no more. This also is always fatal. The victim will surely sicken and die before or at the appointed time. This is a familiar psychological problem, but one that the New Zealand government had to recognize. Stringent laws were passed to prevent such practices by the Tehungas.

The marital relations and home life of the Maoris seem to be even looser than those of other uncivilized peoples. In practice, there is no such thing as a wedding ceremony of any kind. A man takes unto himself a woman with whom he lives as long as they are mutually agreed. If children are born they are always the children of the mother and are well provided for. If the parents fail in their duty the children are adopted and taken care of by the tribe.



Maoris Taking Part in the "Haki" Ceremony

The Maoris are very fond of their children, but the mothers seem to know nothing of the proper care of their babies and as a result the mortality is enormous.

If the wedding is attended with little or no ceremony, the funeral is the occasion of great demonstration. Days and even weeks are passed in lamentation and feasting. Most elaborate preparations are made and every member of the tribe is expected to come to the tangi (weep). The Maori orator is never better than when he is delivering an eulogy on a departed friend or chief. Each tribesman is welcomed to the tangi, by those already assembled, with a peculiar dance called the haki. Among the older generation it was the custom, when a chief died to cook his brains. Those partaking believed that they would thereby gain the wisdom of the deceased.

It is undeniably true that but one generation back the Maoris were the most ferocious cannibals in all the southern islands. They killed their enemies and ate their flesh, not so much to satisfy their hunger as to destroy them utterly and submit them to the greatest possible degradation. At the same time they believed they would attain all the strength, bravery and best qualities of their fallen foe.

It is hard to realize that these ignorant Polynesians could in so short a time progress in civilization as they have. They are no longer a problem to be contended with but a people easily administered. Through their tenacity their children have come into a heritage of lands which secures their economic independence for all time to come.

Young Mr. Rockefeller had an uncomfortable hour with the congressional committee investigating industrial conditions in the Colorado coal fields. The son of his father admitted that he was a director, but in ten years had only attended one meeting and that the strike of ten thousand men was not deemed by him of sufficient importance to cause him to attend the October meeting. Asked if he didn't think he ought to get off the board young John said his "conscience" acquitted him. Showing that he is his father's own son.

By the Way



Keeneys Off For Long Jaunt

When my old friend "Jim" Keeney was in the South Seas last year he promised to send me a few travel sketches, but I have only just succeeded in getting the first instalment from him. However, he and Mrs. Keeney are setting out next week for another long jaunt to out-of-the-way corners of the earth and I hope to get the enthusiastic traveler into the habit of sending me his impressions. He is a keen observer and a fluent writer. Russia, Dalmatia, the Balkans, Thibet, Greece and Persia will be visited by them in the next twelvemonth, which ought to result in good "copy." A pleasant journey and a safe return to the adventurous Keeneys.

Business Man and Author

Willis George Emerson is, ostensibly, a bond broker and dealer in municipal securities, but, on the side, he is an author of no little merit, several of his stories having reached a wide public. His anniversary address on Robert Burns, which delighted the Celtic Club at its January meeting, at the desire of President Mitchell has been preserved in permanent form and is a splendid tribute to the "poet of the people." Another of his notable prose poems is his Memorial Day oration on "American valor" delivered on the field of Gettysburg three years ago. His many experiences in Wyoming have yielded Willis infinite material for "copy" and in "The Treasure of the Hidden Valley," one of his latest stories, still in manuscript, is a spirited romance that will soon be in book form. Another with a California background is "The White Wolf," a tale of the Tehachapi. Willis is not so philosophical as the distinguished Ralph Waldo, but he is down-to-the-minute and full of action.

Is It a Result of Being Caged

Not long ago I called attention to the insolence of an elevator operator in the Title Insurance building. This week one of these individuals was arrested for an attack upon a girl, his ire having been aroused by the fact that she had pressed the call button several times when the car was slow in arriving. I have noted so many instances of the apparent anxiety of elevator operators to be insolent and insulting whenever possible, that it has occurred to me the explanation is that, being caged up so continuously, they approximate (mentally) the condition of an animal in a menagerie. Perhaps, they are to be pitied rather than censured.

May Issue Manual For Reporters

Latest of the Earl orders to his employees is to trace down all rumors which come to their ears that the Express and Tribune, or either one, is to suspend publication because of financial losses, now that the Express profit is not meeting the Tribune loss. It has been suggested that if the Earl orders continue multiplying it will be necessary for the owner of these papers to have a manual of instructions for reporters printed and distributed among the members of the staff, each employe, of course, being required to pro rate the cost of the booklet, with a fair margin of profit, and no rebate allowed.

Half a Million Here

I wonder if it can be true that there are more than 515,000 persons now making their homes within the city limits of Los Angeles. It is so stated by Registrar McAleer, who computes five residents to each male registered voter, and announces that the city register now contains more than 103,000 men's names. If we have reached the half million mark we are indeed a flourishing community. Here is one sample of progress and growth told me this week: A man purchased a home last September in a block in the Wilshire district, in which there were four vacant lots, counting both sides of the street, and three other houses for sale, and one just being completed, to be sold. Six months later there was one vacant lot and one house for sale. In other words, in this one block three houses had been built and sold, and two of the three previously built were sold in half a year. The unsold house is dilapidated and unsalable at the price asked. The addition in population to this one block is about fifteen. Part of this may have been subtracted from other sections of the

Music

By W. Francis Gates

As if to make amends somewhat for its apathy concerning former concerts of the Symphony Orchestra, the public gave a better attendance at the last concert for the season, Saturday night. It seems the program offered was the first "request program" ever given by this body of players. As such, it was a great success both in selection and performance. The Schubert unfinished symphony, the Ippolotow-Ivanow "Caucasian Sketches," a Debussy prelude, and the third movement of the Tchaikowsky "Pathetic" symphony were played. Each one of these movements was interesting in itself, and there was a great deal of contrast. And it is quite probable that the fact of there being no one work of forty or fifty minutes in length was in a degree accountable for the larger audience. Mr. Tandler closed his first season as conductor of this band with a performance which, with the exception of two noticeable breaks on the part of his players, was highly creditable in all respects. The audience was loth to see him leave the stage and voiced its appreciation in no uncertain terms.

Certainly, Mr. Tandler has reason to feel proud of his results this season. He was new to this baton, and his board of managers was new to the symphony game. And there were certain troublous circumstances that had to be ironed out in the course of the season. In the face of these difficulties, the new conductor distinctly "made good." And he was helped in no small degree by the attitude of almost all the members of his board of managers. They raised the money, shouldered the worry about business details and they backed him at every point. The fact that the audiences were divided between two presentations of the same program gave the impression of a much smaller attendance than was the case. Of course, there was a loss of enthusiasm and spirit thereby—it is depressing to players to face a very small audience. It is hard to "play up" to non-appreciation. Possibly, another year will see one large and enthusiastic audience take the place of this bifurcated arrangement. Friday night would be the logical compromise.

As to finances of the season, nothing can be said here. That would be a little like looking into the other fellow's pocket book after he has just handed you a gold-piece. For the guarantors made it possible for the others to hear eight concerts that would have been a credit to Chicago or Philadelphia. May the shadow of their interest in symphonic music never grow less. Inasmuch as the symphony orchestra is the greatest, the broadest, the most valuable and far-reaching of any musical enterprise that is in or comes to Los Angeles, just so far have the guarantors of this series placed their money where it will be the most musically productive. Just as the previous symphony board hammered away for fifteen years, giving the best concerts it could and often under intense discouragement, so may the present managers and sponsors for these concerts do a like service to the coming decade, a service not always appreciated by the public but one most deeply appreciated by the real music lover.

Tonight the Brahms quintet club gives its closing concert of the season

at Blanchard hall. Clifford Lott is soloist and several compositions of local composers will be heard.

Saint Saens quintet club will give a concert at the Woman's club house, Monday, April 20. A trio, a quartet and a quintet will be offered. Mrs. Frank H. Colby will be soloist, singing a Verdi aria.

Typical of the advance being made in the matter of music in the public schools was the song festival announced at the South Pasadena high school for last Friday night. The participants were the orchestra and glee club of the Alhambra high school, the same from the Glendale high school, the Azusa high school orchestra, the Covina high school girls' club and band, and from the South Pasadena high school a quartet, glee club and orchestra. The friendly rivalry and school spirit engendered at such events are bound to be of benefit to the musical spirit of the schools and consequently to their several communities. There is a good deal of this sort of thing in Germany and in England, but not enough in America. We are too prominently individualists. One of the benefits derived from music in the schools is the unification of effort—the working together of many individuals toward one end, and that musical. Music in the school room has a subtle influence which advanced educators recognize as unique and valuable. When schools work together that influence is extended. The school is then the unit and it is subordinated in the group. The music festivals of the Los Angeles schools in former years were exactly along this line. And they proved that the young people of the schools not only gained the profit and experience of working together but also choral results such as made the members of our adult choruses sit up and take notice.

Gamut Club "Ladies Night" invitations are prized more each year. These affairs occur about three times a year and interesting programs are always presented. That of last week was no exception, and it included numbers by more than those who usually appear on these programs. Mrs. Henley Bussing cleverly played the accompaniments to a number of her own solos; Frieda Peycke again proved herself "pianologuer extraordinary" and it is whispered that it is only Papa Peycke's negative—and a voice from Chicago—which keeps her from accepting a lucrative Orpheum engagement. Homer Grunn said he would April fool his audience by playing one of his own pieces, but it did not consider itself fooled; in fact, it asked for more. Oscar Seiling gave the heaviest number on the program, the adagio of the fourth violin concerto of Vieuxtemps, played with all his skill; Will Chapin was transmogrified into an elocutionist and in disguising make-up entertained his audience in two recitations. Mildred Burns gave a costume Russian dance in true professional style and the affair wound up with a dance in the ballroom.

This was the tenth anniversary of the Gamut Club. What a lot of pleasure this organization has given its members in the decade, to be sure. It was organized at the Hollenbeck hotel in April of 1904 by twenty-five musicians, the preliminary meeting having been held at the home of F. H. Colby, where a committee of four was ap-

pointed to arrange such a meeting. He and the writer are the only ones of the founders now in Los Angeles. For two years, meetings were held at various restaurants. Then the present club house was secured for a term of eight years and the membership list thrown open to all "good fellows" irrespective of their musical predilection, or lack of it. Under the management of F. W. Blanchard, now in his third term as president, the club has been lifted out of debt, its quarters improved and many excellent entertainments given.

In these years the Gamut Club has grown to such proportions that it is large enough to establish various sections. For instance, a musicians' section would enable the forty or fifty musicians in the total of 600 or more members to get together in a closer way on "lunch" occasions, and help maintain that friendship and respect which was the result of the meetings of the club in its original form, and which, sad to relate, has become somewhat weakened in the last year or two. The greatest musical harmony producers in Los Angeles were the dinners of the Gamut Club while it was a purely musical affair. The atmosphere can be reproduced if the club plans "get-together" meetings for the musicians, and possibly other sections would find meetings for them beneficial. That such would be a great success was shown by the dinner of the charter members a year ago.

There are several applicants for the position of conductor of the Sangerfest of the Pacific coast sangerbunds to be held here in July of next year. This will be a great meeting of German singing societies and it is natural that the directorship should be sought. Los Angeles has two aspirants, Henry Schoenfeld and Siegfried Hagen; and New York presents Arthur Claassen, a conductor of large experience. It is stated by the local committee that each one of these may receive appointment and the conductorship thus divided among them. This will be one of the greatest musical affairs ever held on the Pacific coast and will take a large amount of work and cash to put it through.

Last meeting of the Music Teachers' Association at the Gamut Club was a Cadman night—in fact Mr. Cadman is a much discovered individual just now in Los Angeles—due as much to his natural geniality as to the cleverness of his compositions. At this meeting, last Friday, the program was practically a vocal recital by Mrs. Emma P. Makinson, who, a few years ago, first sang his songs in their home city of Pittsburgh. Mrs. Makinson sang two groups of his songs, one of pseudo Japanese origin, Mr. Cadman accompanying at the piano. Grace Freeby furnished the soloist with two songs and accompanied them, and Roy Smith did likewise with two numbers of his composition. It is unusual for a singer thus to have the assistance of so many composers and the affair had all the more interest from this circumstance. The writers of the music were fortunate to have it in so good hands as Mrs. Makinson's. Fannie Dillon was to have given one or more piano numbers on this program, but the solo piano failed to arrive. Also, there was postponed until the next meeting a full report of Attorney Jones on the legal aspects of the association's business.

Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden" still remains in the repertoire. It was given at Beverly Hills Hotel by Miss James, Mrs. Dreyfus, Messrs. Gregg and Williams last Sunday evening. Mrs. Hennion Robinson was the accompanist.

Musical persons should be on the lookout for an alleged agent for Musical America, The Musician and other magazines. He secures the cash but the subscribers do not secure the magazine. He gives receipts from the "Irv-

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ing Harcourt Agency, Cambridge, Mass., from which letters are returned unclaimed. It is always best to send subscription checks direct to the magazines desired.

Alfred Butler will take seven of his pupils to Paris in June. They will remain three months studying with Moszkowsky and, incidentally, will visit several of the European musical centers.

Rudolf Friml is passing a few weeks in Los Angeles after the successful season of his musical comedies in the East. They are fine pot-boilers and are turning in nice royalties, but I will wager Mr. Friml would rather write sonatas.

For next Thursday Mr. Lebegott announces the performance of Dubois' cantata "The Last Seven Words," by the Festival chorus, at the Auditorium.

Florence Dillon, formerly of this city, sang the leading role in D'Albert's opera, "Tiefeland," at the Century Opera, New York, recently. She sings under the stage name of "Enrica Clay." Last fall she was on a tour with the De Koven opera company in the east, singing the leading role in "Robin Hood." It will be recalled that she took the title role in "Aida" last year at a few hours notice.

Work soon will begin on the new music hall for Pomona College. It will be 250 feet long and enclose an auditorium that will seat 1000. There are thirty music class rooms in the plan. Fred Bacon, formerly the leader of vocal matters in Los Angeles, is director of the school and rejoices in the prospect of one of the finest music buildings built in any western college.

Next Friday evening the College of Music of the University of Southern California will give a pupils' recital in the Blanchard building. The program will be given by the advanced pupils, and the Men's Glee Club of the university will sing. The program is as follows:

Piano, Carnival from Ausdem Volksleben (Grieg); Miss Mildred Cannon; duo, Mattinatti (Tosti); Miss Marie Deets and Miss Rachel Smith; piano, Waltzer (Grieg); Birdling (Grieg); Miss Dorothy Groton; contralto, The White Dawn (Cadman); Far Off I Hear a Lover's Lute (Cadman); Miss Virgie Lee Moore; piano, Rigaudon (Rameau-Godowski); Miss Jane Stanley; violin, Air for G String (Bach); Obertass Mazurka (Weinawski); Mr. Gilbert Green; baritone, Dio Possente Dio D'Amour (Gounod); Mr. Willard Holte; piano, Miss Frances Wagner; soprano, Ah, Love but a Day (Mrs. Beach); Miss Rachel Smith; piano, Pastoral Varies (Mozart); Miss Ethel Smith; duo, The Passage Birds' Farewell (Hildach); Miss Nina Ruth Robinson and Miss Blanch Fowler; two pianos, Impromptu in B flat (Schubert); Miss Blanche Reynolds and Miss Guelph McQuinn; violin, Meditation (Thais) (Massenet); Gavotte (Gossec); Mr. C. C. Meneley; piano, Chant Elegiac (Tchaikowski); Miss Margaret White; soprano, "On Mighty Pens" (Haydn); Miss Grace Whitsell Arnold; piano, Ruisseau (Schuett); Miss Alma Stegner; alto, The (Schuett); Miss Alma Stegner; alto, The Spirit Flowers (Haydn); Where the Elizabeth Millin; piano, Allegretto and Finale from Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven); Mr. Wesley Kuhnle; selected, University Glee Club.

Reforming German Duels

New York Times: The German army authorities have taken a really efficient measure to prevent some of the most revolting and cruel features of dueling among officers. A court-martial has condemned to imprisonment and dismissal an officer who wronged a fellow-officer, thus "provoking" a duel, and killed him. As our Metz dispatch points out, if courts of honor are guided by this precedent they will forbid a duel with an offender, on the broad ground that he is unfit to meet an honorable officer on the field. Such a decision by such a court would go far toward establishing not only a more humane and decent code for dueling, but a better line of personal and social conduct.

Willis Booths in Brazil

I have been privileged to make a few extracts from a letter written by the charming and observant Mrs. Willis H. Booth to a mutual Los Angeles friend who so enjoyed the sprightly correspondence that she felt it was selfish not to share it in slight degree with other friends of the absent one. Mrs. Booth writes that Ferris, her young son, was a trifle disappointed when they crossed the equator on their way to South America. He had expected to see the line quite as distinctly marked as it is in his school book map and the realization that it was only imaginary was a shock to his sensibilities. The Booths stopped a day at Barbadoes and reached Bahia, the oldest and second city in size of Brazil, in time for Mardi Gras. After a Sunday passed in the gay atmosphere they sailed down to Rio. "I do not wonder that Kipling wanted to roll down before he was too old," comments Mrs. Booth. She adds:

"We entered the harbor just at dusk; the sight is indescribable! I am sure the harbor is unrivalled in all the world. Have you ever been to Ceylon? It is not unlike that country. There are lovely little islands innumerable scattered about in the bay which is almost round and with a fine esplanade encircling it, a delightful drive afternoons. Back is the city and high mountains covered with tropical growth. On our way up to Mount Corcovado we saw tree ferns twenty feet high, flowering trees in brilliant yellow and royal purple, white hibiscus and delicate orchids. The municipal theater is magnificent, as is the Monroe palace. The botanical gardens are the finest in the world. Such marvelous palms! Then the beautiful new avenida right through the center of the city, finer than any in Europe, sidewalks wonderfully inlaid with black and white tile. Truly Rio is a 'barbarian princess with breath like wine.' There is no speed limit here. The drivers mow down dogs and chickens with reckless impunity."

After visiting Buenos Ayres the Booths will go through the Straits of Magellan, stop at Valparaiso and Santiago, take the Andean trip and return home by way of Panama. By the way, I hear that Willis took first prize on the steamer, en route, in the fancy dress ball. He made up as "Mark Antony" in a costume improvised from state room curtains—green brocade, which provided a tunic and long flowing robe. The Sunset Club would have been proud of their fellow member, I am thinking, could they have gazed on his impressive figure.

Improving the Postal Service

Kansas City Star: Thirty-two years ago the Postmaster-General of the United States was Timothy O. Howe, and he evidently was not satisfied with the character of postmasters then in office. He became an advocate of government ownership of the telegraph service, and here is one of the arguments he advanced in favor of it: "If the union of the telegraph and postal services did not improve the telegraph at all, I think it would improve the postal service in some important respects. It would necessitate the employment of telegraph operators for postmasters in many offices. That would result in giving to the administration of not a few offices, men who have learned to do one thing in place of those who have never learned to do anything." This cynical comment is quoted at the present time because of its obvious lesson as applied to all public service, namely, that men should be chosen for office because of their fitness, and not on account of their politics.

Half Million For the Fair

In the lower house of congress the committee on expositions has favorably reported a bill appropriating \$500,000 for a government exhibit at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

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Filibustering Folly Denounced

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Senators who threaten a long filibuster against the tolls repeal measure are, one fears, letting their resentment blind them to several rather obvious facts. The filibuster is not the potent weapon it once was to thwart the will of a majority. Congress may be kept at work all summer, it is reported, by members of the upper branch who object to President Wilson's policy on canal tolls and who propose to use their rights under the very liberal senate rules to delay the final vote on the bill. Such a threat will be branded at once as a bluff; opponents of the President are whistling with an appearance of merriment merely to keep their courage up. Not only does the public generally, it seems, uphold the President on this tolls issue but it likewise desires an adjournment of congress as early in the summer as legislative business will allow. Into the face of both these sentiments filibusters would now hurl themselves—to their own destruction.

Price of Vanity

Chicago Post: When a man's pocket-book is impervious to all other appeals, try touching his vanity. Look at Harry Lauder, for example. Everybody knows that Harry is "awfu' close wi' his siller," and yet an artist, hitherto unknown to fame, has persuaded him to sit for his portrait, and Harry says if he told how much he is paying for it everyone would think him daft. Having seen Harry on various occasions, we can recall no obvious reason why his vanity should be gratified by a portrait. But it is possible the shrewd artist is producing an idealization

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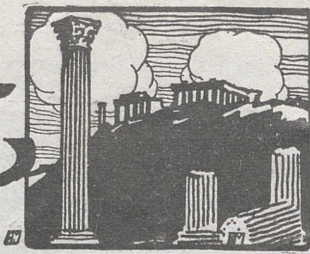
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rather than a likeness. Whatever the secret of his success, he is getting money out of Lauder, an achievement almost as remarkable as the proverbial impossibility of "taking the breeks off a Highlandman." We are surprised that the canny Scot did not persuade the painter to work for glory rather than "bawbees." We fear he has established a precedent and disclosed the vulnerable spot in his hitherto impenetrable armor.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:

American and European Painters—Museum Gallery.
California Art Club — Woman's Club House.
F. W. Cuprien—Kanst Gallery.
W. L. Judson—Steckel Gallery.
Ernest B. Smith—Blanchard Gallery.

Annual spring exhibition of work by members of the California Art Club opened at the Woman's club house Thursday, April 2, to continue through the month. This exhibition is given under the auspices of the art committee of the Friday Morning Club, of which Mrs. Randall Hutchinson is chairman. The present collection includes studies and sketches in oil and watercolors and comprises fifty-five canvases representing thirty-four painters. Sculptures by Julia Bracken Wendt and Marco Zim are also shown and add variety and charm to the collection. The exhibit opened with a reception and private view which was largely attended. The general public is invited to inspect these canvases any day except Sunday between the hours of ten and four.

In many respects the present exhibition of the California Art Club is one of the most interesting in the history of the organization. It is not so large as usual and by no means is the general scheme a pretentious one. Many well-known names are missing from the catalogue and even William Wendt, the president of the club, is not represented, due to the fact that his canvases did not arrive home from eastern exhibitions. The majority of the canvases shown at this time are small, which proves very beneficial to the plan of arrangement. The auditorium of the Woman's club house is not ideally fitted to the purpose. The room was not designed with the thought of displaying art works, hence the wall space is inadequate and the lighting poor. Only a few large canvases have found place in the collection and even these are of less importance than the smaller ones. The jury of selection is to be congratulated, for with but two or three exceptions, the show measures well up to standard. In fact, I think it is, on the whole, a big improvement over the fall exhibit given by the same group. The jury was composed of Wm. Wendt, Jean Mannheim, Benjamin C. Brown, and Julia Bracken Wendt.

In one respect this exhibition is of great importance. Cash prizes were awarded to the most meritorious works. Let trumpets sound and cymbals ring, and let us laud this new spirit with all the praise it deserves. The first real gleam of art intelligence has broken through the cloud of gloom and no doubt a golden harvest will follow. Not long ago I presented in this department a short disquisition on the subject of financial appreciation in the field of art. I took occasion to suggest that the best way to admire a painting is to buy it. No artist can remain a true artist without enough money to live on. If his good canvases do not yield a financial return, then he has to choose between two things: He must either give up his painting and seek wage-earning employment or commercialize his paintings. One choice is as fatal to art as the other. If the artist can jingle enough money in his pocket

to free himself from worry, the chances are that he will turn out good work.

Year after year we have seen the same parade of exhibition failures. One man shows, art club exhibits, and general collections have come and gone and no canvases have been sold. No money consideration has come to the faithful painter. It is always give, give, give, and what return do we give except vain and empty flattery? How sick unto death one must grow of fulsome praise, praise that means less than nothing because few know how to praise meaningfully. The professional art lovers have a few set expressions that fall from their mouths like the chaff from the hopper. But money talks. If we can attend an exhibition and find opportunity to contribute to an art fund for the purchase of a canvas or the awarding of a prize, we are then placed in a position really to praise and encourage art. Just how the magic was wrought that secured two hundred and fifty dollars for prizes to be awarded at the California Art Club show, no one will ever know. Perhaps, it was the result of a long series of incidents and it may have been the inspiration of the moment.

At any rate, when the exhibit opened Thursday afternoon of last week for a private press view the money was ready and a special jury for awards was in attendance. This jury consisted of Mrs. Randall Hutchinson, Benjamin C. Brown, Antony Anderson, Miss Alma Mae Cook, Jean Mannheim, and Everett C. Maxwell. The prize fund was generously subscribed by the following ten public spirited citizens: Dr. Guy Cochran, Messrs. Jno. W. Mitchell, Col. J. B. Lankershim, George Layton, Walter P. Story, Homer Laughlin, Jr., S. Q. Story, Louis M. Cole, Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand, Mrs. Michael T. Regan, and Mrs. Daniel Murphy.

First prize of one hundred dollars went to Detlef Sammann for his landscape "The Survival of the Fittest;" the second prize, fifty dollars, was awarded to Helena Dunlap for her winter landscape, "A Mountain Stream;" the third and fourth prizes, twenty-five dollars and an honorable mention, were won by Warren E. Rollins and Hanson Puthuff, the one for "Evening on the Mesa" and the other for "Wonderglow." The prize for modeling was awarded to Julia Bracken Wendt, the subject being "Laetitia," a portrait bust of Mrs. Laetitia Washburn, a young San Francisco woman. On the present occasion none of the artists had prepared for a competition and this fact made the awarding of the prizes a difficult and delicate matter.

"The Survival of the Fittest" by Detlef Sammann is the largest canvas shown at this time. This is a typical exhibition canvas and was in fact painted especially for the Museum gallery of fine arts. Without doubt it is Mr. Sammann's best canvas. We have followed the development of his work for more than five years and never before has this sincere painter sounded so full a note as we feel in this huge study. The composition was made near Carmel on Monterey Bay and shows a dreary waste of sand dunes, fringed on the left by a virgin forest and on the right by a strip of angry gray sea. The great expanse of sky is cloud filled and leaden. The center of interest lies in two tall, stately pine trees seen in the middle distance. One is dead and leans

heavily against the other which lifts its proud head among the clouds. This canvas, while a trifle pictorial, is easily a prize winner.

Second prize canvas, "The Mountain Stream," just missed the first prize by one vote. Miss Dunlap shows three well considered snow scenes, any one of which deserves a prize. These canvases were painted in the artist's recent sketching trip in northern California and are worked in a remarkable manner. Miss Dunlap paints snow in a convincing way. It is light and feathery and lies upon the ground like a warm, white blanket. "Mountain Cottages" and "Snow-Laden Trees" by the same artist deserve special mention. "Evening on the Mesa" by Warren E. Rollins is a moonlight effect of rare quality. It is really an early moonrise and an afterglow combined. "The Land of Little Rain," also by Rollins, is notable for an unusually fine sky. "Wonderglow" by Hanson Puthuff is a typical Southern California foothill study and is painted in the artist's best manner. Carl Oscar Borg sends three small watercolors painted in a crisp way. Of special charm is "Fantasy" by Charles P. Austin. This is one of the distinct surprises of the exhibition and is one of Mr. Austin's best offerings. It is altogether lovely in color and composition. Jack W. Smith is rapidly becoming a real force in local art circles. His work is advancing at a remarkable rate. "The Final Requiem," a moonlight study of a ruined cloister at Capistrano Mission, is the artist's most notable offering at this time. The two coyotes in the foreground render the subject somewhat pictorial, although there is much to praise and little to criticize about the work.

Benjamin C. Brown and Jean Mannheim are represented by strong canvases, as are also Wm. Silva of Carmel and Nell Brooker Mayhew. "Coal Teams on the Bridge" by Harry L. Bailey shows a marked improvement over this painter's earlier works. "Anaden" by Karl Yens is a most attractive canvas. It is broad in handling and full of out of door feeling. Other workers who are represented by excellent studies at this time are Mott-Smith, Charles A. Rogers, Eugene C. Frank, Henri G. de Kruij, Fannie E. Duvall, Hamilton A. Wolf, Anna H. Hills, Esther Hunt, Susie M. Dando, and A. E. Kilpatrick. Lack of space prohibits further consideration.

City Planning Exhibition will be shown, free of charge, in the Bronson building, from April 11 to April 21. More than 150 panels will be displayed, showing what other cities have done or are planning to do in the attempted solution of harbor, rapid-transit, street traffic, sanitation, housing, railroad transportation, and terminal problems. Speakers on several pertinent problems confronting this city will be secured. A. H. Koebling of the Architects' and Engineers' Association was named chairman of the committee of general arrangement.

Frank W. Cuprien is holding an exhibition of his late work at the Kanst gallery.

Ernest B. Smith is holding an exhibition of his California landscapes at the Blanchard gallery. Review later.

"Western Art," to be published five times a year, has made its appearance. Its editor and publisher is Miss Beatrice de Lack Krombach. The first number has contributions by J. W. Foley, Jules Pages, Esther Hunt, Mabel Packard, Andrew Paul and others, with exceedingly good reproductions from paintings and sculptures by William Mouncey, Warren E. Rollins, Julia Bracken Wendt, William Wendt, Jules Pages, and W. A. Sharp.

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NOTICE is hereby given that Carl Dold Benz, whose post-office address is 2703 Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 22nd day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020353, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 2, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 7th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

019550 Non-Coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Charlotte Estelle Tompkins whose post-office address is 735 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 28th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019550, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00 and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Social & Personal

Holy week has been observed with an almost painful devotion, at least outwardly, although there is a funny little story going the rounds of an impromptu bridge which was not played for fun, several pretty damsels forfeiting their allowances to the god of luck. There have been quiet gossip-fests, but most of the society folk have been glad of the interim to draw a breath of peace, and go to bed o' nights and not of mornings. The round of gayety begins with a vengeance Monday, however. There are two affairs that day for Miss Sally Polk, another, Tuesday, for the same charming honoree, the Caswell-Mellon wedding takes place Tuesday, and Wednesday Miss Polk and Mr. Hulett Merritt will join the "married" ranks. Wednesday is also the day on which Mrs. H. W. O'Melveny is giving that big reception as a sort of "welcome to our family" to Miss Isabel Watson, whose engagement to Mr. Stuart O'Melveny was an interesting bit of gossip. Friday evening the Amateur Players will prove their skill as dancers, and Saturday Mrs. James C. Kays, Miss Ruth Kays, Miss Cecelia Kays are to give a tea at their home on New Hampshire street. Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., expects to return from Montana about that time also. There are innumerable other affairs on the calendar, and the week following is just as crowded.

Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet and Miss Daphne Drake will leave next week for a trip of several months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Miller will entertain Wednesday evening with a dancing party at the Midwick Country Club for Miss Daphne Drake.

Wednesday will be a day of especial interest to the younger set, since it will unite two of their favorite members, Miss Sally Polk, daughter of Mrs. I. M. Polk, to Mr. Hulett Merritt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hulett Clinton Merritt of Pasadena. The ceremony will be read in St. John's church, and the attendants will be Mrs. George T. Hackley, Mrs. Raymond Boileau Mixsell, Miss Kathleen Tottenham, and Miss Rosaline Merritt, sister of the bridegroom, who has come from school at Ogontz especially for the wedding festivities. Mr. Lee Benoist of New Orleans will act as best man, and there will be twenty ushers. There will be no reception following the ceremony. Wednesday afternoon Miss Polk was the guest of honor at the luncheon given at Hotel Maryland by Lady Constance Lewis. White roses and lilies of the valley were used as a centerpiece and also as corsage bouquets for each guest. Floral cards marked covers for Mrs. Hulett Clinton Merritt, Mrs. Arthur Thomas Haben, Miss Rosaline Merritt and Miss Jessie Platt. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Theodore Cadwalder, who was Miss Kathleen Spring, complimented Miss Polk with a theater party at the Orpheum, followed by tea at the Alexandria. Spring flowers and bride cards decked the tea tables, where places were arranged for Mrs. George T. Hackley, Mrs. Raymond Boileau Mixsell, Mrs. Lawrence Field Kelsey, Miss Rosaline Merritt and Miss Kathleen Tottenham. Monday afternoon Mrs. Mixsell is to compliment Miss Polk with a tea party at the Valley Hunt club, and Monday night Mr. and Mrs. Hulett C. Merritt are giving a dinner for the young people. Guests are to be Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. George Trowbridge Hackley, Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Boileau Mixsell, Mrs. Ismaela Polk, the Rev. George Davidson, Miss Rosaline Merritt, Miss Kath-

leen Tottenham, Mr. Lee Benoist and Mr. Albert Gallatin Cook. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Stanley Guthrie, who was Miss Alice Cline, is to be hostess at a tea for Miss Polk, the guests to be the coterie of girl friends who have been together since their school days. Tuesday evening Mr. Merritt is giving a stag dinner for his attendants.

This afternoon Miss Mary Bacon of St. Andrews place is to give a luncheon in honor of Miss Georgia Johnson and Miss Katherine Glasgow, both brides-elect of the season. Pink roses and maidenhair ferns will deck the table, where covers will be arranged for Miss Ruth Greppin, Miss Muriel Tottenham, Miss Carolyn Ware, Miss Gladys Pollard and Miss Dorothy Trask.

Mrs. O. T. Roen and the Misses Sue and Eloise Roen of Hollywood are to entertain Wednesday afternoon with a luncheon for Miss Hazel Childress and Miss Isabel Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney have returned from a short stay in San Francisco.

Everything is in readiness for a dress rehearsal of the "Evolution of the Dance" which the Amateur Players are to give the evening of April 17 at Captain William Banning's place, Hoover and Thirty-second street. Everything from the minuet to the tango, in costume appropriate to the period, will be given by pretty young buds and their courtiers. There have been many rehearsals, in which hard work was mingled with informal good times, and Monday evening the dress rehearsal will delight the participants and the favored few who are privileged to attend.

Mrs. F. A. Stephenson of Albany street gave an Easter party Tuesday afternoon for little Miss Helen Stephenson and Master Jack Francisco whose mutual birthday it was. An egg hunt and other Easter gayeties delighted the little ones bidden, who included Gloria Gottschalk, Toto Gottschalk, Elizabeth Wyatt, Christine Wyatt, Adelaide Wilson, Betty Richardson, Celeste Ryus, Dorothy Scott, Alice Davis, John Stocker, Bovard Shipley, Philamon Pemberton, Harry Wyatt, Frank Richards and Albert Ruby.

Saturday evening the Neighborhood Settlement will give a Thé Dansante at the Ebell Clubhouse. The early part of the afternoon will be devoted to the annual sale of aprons and fancy work, there will be a program of costume dancing, and from five to seven tea and dancing will be enjoyed. The board of managers include Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, D. D., ex-officio president; Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, president; Mrs. Spencer H. Smith, vice-president; Mrs. Arthur C. Stilson, secretary; Miss Esther Nelson, treasurer; Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Mark Rice, Mrs. Alfred Morton Smith, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Thomas T. Knight, Mrs. Henry T. Lee, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Miss Annie Wilson, Mrs. J. B. Lippincott, Mrs. Chas. B. Boothe, Mrs. Walter S. Lsyle, Mrs. John L. Garner, Mrs. John T. Griffith, Mrs. A. L. Macleish, Mrs. William Ramsay, Mrs. Robert Marsh, Rev. Thos. C. Marshall.

As a real surprise to her friends, who suspected the attachment, but not its early culmination, was the unexpected marriage Wednesday evening of Miss Lois Baker, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milo A. Baker of Westlake avenue, to Mr. Charles H. Cope. It was originally intended to announce the engagement on that date, but ow-

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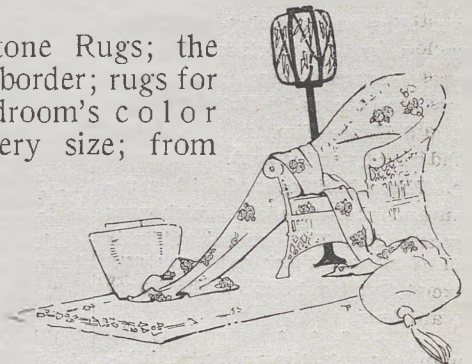
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ing to the enforced departure of Mr. Cope's mother, Mrs. George S. Cope, for the east, the wedding was celebrated instead. The bride was a West-lake school girl and also a Stanford student. The Baker home was beautifully decorated with roses, and the living room, in which the service was read by the Reverend Elbert Todd, was fragrant with Maryland buds. The bride wore a robe of white charmeuse draped with lace, and her bouquet was of lilies of the valley and orchids. Only relatives and the closest friends were invited. After the ceremony a wedding supper was enjoyed, and the young folks left on their honeymoon. On their return they will be at home at the Cope house, 2301 Bellevue avenue, until the return of Mr. Cope's mother from the east.

Spring blossoms in varying shades of yellow decked the table for the informal luncheon given Monday by Mrs. Alfred Bradley of Harvard boulevard.

Mrs. E. R. Bradley of Wilshire boulevard will give a bridge luncheon Thursday for Mrs. H. K. Williamson, who is to sail for Europe May 6. Mrs. George H. Ralphs is to give a tea Wednesday and several other hostesses are arranging affairs.

Mrs. John Uri Lloyd is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. O. C. Wellborn of Western avenue.

Claims and Fortunes Imaginary

New York Times: In the news from London that American claimants for great estates in the court of chancery are still bothering the officials of our embassy with appeals for aid, there is proof that there remain more than a few citizens of these United States who either do not read the papers or do not believe what the papers say. For again and again has it been printed in most of our newspapers, and probably in all of them, that the fortunes sought by these eager heirs are non-existent, that if there were any claims of the kind presented they would be worthless because long since invalidated by the passage of time, and that money spent in pushing them goes mostly into the pockets of swindlers. All this ought to be known to everybody, just as the "Spanish prisoner" and "green goods" and "wire tapping" games should be familiar in all their details in every village of our publicly schooled land. Evidently it isn't, however, and the combination of cupidity and credulity offers a field that can be profitably and endlessly "worked" by dull scamps quite unable to invent new tricks. The promise of a lot of money for a little is an unfailing lure, and the predestined dupes will learn only from hard experience. The embassy's circular of warning will probably excite more of resentment than of faith, so sturdily does belief cling to desire.

Flattery That Is Overdone

New York World: A Frenchwoman who has just completed a tour of American cities, undertaken to introduce Parisian gowns, pays the regulation tribute of flattery that is expected of departing visitors. She found everything perfectly lovely—the "pretty American women" prettier than ever, charmingly dressed and altogether "chic;" the American hotel service "splendid," etc. Except that Boston and Philadelphia did not take kindly to gowns cut down to the waist-line in the back, and that Boston is not tangoing as eagerly as Paris, she saw nothing to criticize—assuming that it is criticism to attribute conservatism to the Hub. All this praise, of course, is in the day's work and is accepted with due complacency. But why should the lady spoil the picture by laying the colors on too thick, as when she says, "Your Pullman cars, your hotels, are dreams of comfort?" This is the one touch too much. To laud American sleeping-cars strains our credulity and renders us suspicious of the rest. Americans may be gluttons for flattery,

The Child

It was only the clinging touch
Of a child's hand in the street,
But it made the whole day sweet;
Caught, as he ran full-speed,
In my own stretched out to his need,
Caught, and saved from the fall,
As I held, for the moment's poise,
In my circling arms the whole boy's
Delicate slowness, warmed mould;
Mine, for an instant mine,
The sweetest thing the heart can divine,
More precious than fame or gold,
The crown of many joys,
Lay in my breast, all mine.

I was nothing to him;
He neither looked up nor spoke;
I never saw his eyes;
He was gone ere my mind awoke
From the action's quick surprise
With vision blurred and dim.

You say I ask too much:
It was only the clinging touch
Of a child in a city street;
It hath made the whole day sweet.
—GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

Angela's Confidential Chat

MY Dear: Of course, I know that Mr. and Mrs. S. are visiting in San Francisco. Our papers have been full of detailed accounts of their trip; in fact, they have contained little else for the last week. We have also learned, with something of a shock, of their suddenly discovered relationship to Mrs. E—r Ma—, which, I think, taking one thing with another, is perfectly killing.

Mrs. M— of all people on earth! She always knows everybody's family "unto the third and fourth generation" to say nothing of the fifty-seventh cousin, "n" times removed; so it must be somewhat of a shock to her to find that she has overlooked near relations of her own,—however perfectly charming the people may be. Well, it is their own affair, and, besides, it is still the "holy season of Lent," and I shall soon have laid myself open to a charge of backbiting or whatever it is called. So much for that.

I haven't seen Jimmy P— for ages. I can't, now I come to think seriously on the subject, remember when I did last set eyes on him. But it would seem that he is very much in the land of the living, for our James was a guest at a dinner en famille, given by Mrs. Van N— at Beverly, and her daughter K—.

Already, many people have left town. In fact, it is occupied almost solely by the Amateur Players who are assiduously rehearsing a terpsichorean performance, to be given April 17. I expect to be highly entertained by it.

Marion W— gave a small picnic last Sunday at Duarte. There were the usual remarks from the righteous (it was Palm Sunday), in fact, I felt called upon to make comment myself, but it was very pleasant and exceedingly harmless. There were five or six girls, a few dull youths, and the ubiquitous Montey Wards, the latter still preferring their own company to ours, and I don't know that I blame them.

By the way Daphne and Mrs. L— are going abroad. They leave Thursday, and will be away till July. Just imagine the clothes that Daphne will return with. Or, rather, that will return with Daphne. Anyway, I hope they'll let her choose them herself. Not that I, despite your frowns, believe in permitting the young to be entirely responsible for the choice of their garments—results are often too disastrous to the landscape—but I'd like to satisfy my idle curiosity as to who was responsible for the debut "trousseau." I have ideas on the subject that are none of my business, and I think that that was in the nature of a family affair. You know exactly who I mean.

This is Lent, and as I've said before, I have nothing to tell you. Stay—I know a bit of good news. D— S— has at last gone. I was told that there

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were at least thirty men present at the seeing off, and only one lone girl. It seems that a great many found they could not quite make it—anyhow, that's what they say. I don't suppose she minded "any."

Now I must bring "youth's sweet scented manuscript" to a dull finish. I hope to have something for you next week. It will have been Easter and things may have, in the language of the optimists, begun to pick up a little. Anyway, do write; you are getting very remiss and I don't know what I'd do without your letters. ANGELA.
Los Angeles, April 9, 1914.

Mrs. Loren O. Crenshaw of Wilshire place gave an informal luncheon Thursday afternoon.

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES

ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT

GLIMPSES ACROSS THE SEA

By Samuel Travers Clover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoticed data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

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220 SOUTH BROADWAY

and Jones' Book Store,
226 WEST FIRST ST.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Oliver Morosco has "picked a winner" in "Auction Pinochle," which is being given its premiere in English at the Burbank this week. Even in its present unfinished state, the performance has a finish that is far more effective than many of the traveling shows that have been given us. With such names as Jess Dandy, Frances Cameron, Walter Lawrence, etc., figuring in the cast, a measure of success should be assured almost any offering, and with the many tuneful song hits of "Auction Pinochle" a big success seems inevitable. But there are many, many changes to be made before the production is ready for Broadway. The second act drags wofully, and the game of auction pinochle is the dulllest interlude imaginable. There are many of the old tricks of farce and musical comedy utilized—too many of them for the good of the show, but surely the canny eye and the blue pencil of Manager Morosco will remedy this defect. The offering starts out with a plot, but it becomes hopelessly mangled before the second act.

However, nobody cares what the show is about, so long as Frances Cameron sings and coquettes, so long as Winifred Bryson's striking beauty is displayed in a series of stunning costumes, so long as Jess Dandy's rotund figure is on the stage, and Walter Lawrence adds to the good humor. There are many funny lines in the play—some of them come so easily and so quietly that the audience does not get them. But there is room for several funny situations which must be evolved before the piece has the proper snap, and there are a number of things which could be eliminated with excellent effect. Why is it that when the writers of musical comedy would be naughty they scatter corsets and lingerie about a boudoir. Surely, in these days when woman's attire leaves so little to the imagination, there is no flavor left in seeing such things. All any man has to do to feast his eyes and imagination is to walk down our Lane of Fashion and look into the shop windows.

Frances Cameron vaguely disappointed her admirers when she played vaudeville, but in "Auction Pinochle" she rejuvenates that winsome charm which made her so delicious a Merry Widow. She is good to look upon, she dances exquisitely and her singing is more than acceptable. And, of course, Jess Dandy is funny. He does nothing new, but he does all the old things in his own way, and there is an irresistible humor about that peculiar way. Walter Lawrence plays a giddy young man about town with just the right touch of quizzical insouciance and wordly wisdom, and he and Miss Cameron play and sing especially well together. Although no stretch of the imagination can clothe Winifred Bryson with the personality of the Russian dancer she characterizes, she makes up in beauty what she lacks in acting. It is a vivid, tempestuous beauty, satisfying to the nth degree, so long as she isn't called upon to talk. Donald Bowles, as a lispng, amorous youngster, raises his part from mediocrity and makes it a real comedy study. Most of the other members of the Burbank organization are not at their ease in musical shows, but they manage to cut a good figure.

The piece is given the most lavish of investiture. The interiors, showing the

apartments of Lydia Petrolowska and the morning room of a seaside cottage are beautiful things, and there is a striking sea picture in the first act, showing the lighthouse at Avenne with

the production should endure for a long run, and its metropolitan success seems almost assured.

Sprightly Bill at the Orpheum

Henry Woodruff has been the adored idol of matinee girls since his curly head first peeped over the horizon of stardom—in fact, it was probably Henry's curly head that exalted him to stellar heights. Certain it is that there are innumerable actors right here in our stock houses who could give Woodruff cards and spades when it comes to acting. Surely it must have been luck in his case. Not that he is bad—far from it. He has a pleasing personality and he seems to have found

yer without a case, is a pretty thing, and James Brophy and Isabel West both do creditable bits. The real star of the show this week, however, is Ray Samuels, fittingly billed as "the blue streak of ragtime." The audience would like anything Ray would perpetrate; she might even play Little Eva with the certainty that she wouldn't be hissed. She is a lively, electric creature, aflame to her finger tips. Furthermore, she is a clever comedienne. Her country bumpkin song, her "wop" impersonation, and her Hebrew comedy prove that she has something more than common place ability—but she is the shining light of syncopated strains. Sam Barton is the funniest bike come-



FRITZI SCHEFF, INCOMPARABLE VIENNESE PRIMA DONNA, AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

the revolving beacon that is new and ingenious. Small wonder that Manager Morosco has served notice that there will be a slight increase in the regular Burbank prices. Such a show, produced so elaborately and with a roster of such well-known artists, is worth more than the "stock house" prices which have been prevailing this week. After it is whipped into shape

the spring of eternal youth. And it is a feather in the jaunty cap of the Orpheum powers that he is playing a vaudeville engagement. He is one of the leading features this week. His sketch is bad, but it goes well, and the company is of an excellence not usually found in Orpheum sketch support. Margaret Lotus as the stenographer and sweetheart of Woodruff, the law-

dian that has graced the vaudeville stage, and this is not excepting the antics of Joe Jackson. Barton really can ride, and the skill of his feats is none the less because concealed beneath a cover of slap-stick fun-making. A pretty act of which the atmosphere is quite lost by the interpolation of a rag tune is "Just a Song at Twilight," given by Grace Carlisle and

Jules Romer. Were these two to be faithful to the sweetly sentimental tone of their opening, they would keep the turn distinctive and enjoyable. Johnny O'Connor and Tudor Cameron are also funmakers, Johnny wilfully, and Tudor unconsciously. O'Connor would be much droller if he neglected to laugh at his own jokes, but Tudor couldn't be funnier if he tried. Min-dell Kingston and George Ebner bring a familiar program which gets across in big fashion. Marie Lloyd holds over, as does the Hockney company.

"Uncle Tom" Farce at the Mason

There is more fun in Uncle Tom's Cabin, which is at the Mason Opera House this week than in any farce ever conceived with malice aforethought. The one thing that was overlooked was having Eliza do a turkey trot to the inspiring strains of "The Pullman Porters" while she fled over the ice-covered river. Incidentally, that icy stream was hedged with full fledged trees summery and lush with their green foliage. The dogs were real—they were about the only things in the production that were. Poor Eliza! After she escaped from them croo-ei bloodhounds, she had to wash her face—she didn't get it quite clean by the way—and appear as Little Eva's fretful mother. Not content with this prodigious feat, in the last act she donned a calico dress and became Cassie, the slave girl, who steals Legree's pistol from his holster and defies him. Do overseers usually wear their holsters in the middle of their back, as Legree did in this act? Legree could't have been a slave driver; he must have been a contortionist in the "four-a-day." Everybody carried a pistol, except Eva and Uncle Tom, who bravely concealed their jealousy of this undue favoritism. They might have given Tom a razor, however. Eva played Eliza's cheer in the first act, did a Highland fling between acts, sang a modern song or two and a mournful lay about Little Eva going to heaven, and then she died in a horrible pink room. Anybody would be glad to die and get away from that pink room—nor be at all particular about going to heaven, either. Nothing could be worse. After Eva died everybody howled with mirth, and when she went to heaven the soulless creatures who composed the audience wept—not with grief, but in unholy glee. Uncle Tom died with a pair of black gloves on—a new departure in funeral styles. In the scene where a spanking is administered to Lawyer Marks there was a dread fear that the police would stop the show on account of cruelty, since the curtain refused to descend and there was a horrible prospect that the chastisement would be forced to continue indefinitely. The acting of the play is bad beyond the dreams of a dyspeptic, and the scenery and costumes are on a par.

Offerings for Next Week

Al Shean, who made such a big hit here when he played in "The Candy Shop," is returning Saturday night, April 11, to the Morosco at the head of a new Gaiety company of sixty in Lew Field's big success, "The Girl Behind the Counter." In it, according to advance notices, he carries almost the entire burden of comedy. The piece is a mirthful and melodic narrative of a Mr. Schniff, who suddenly inherits a million pounds sterling. His homely frau immediately tries to bridge the chasm that separates her from society with the Schniff millions, which provides a comedy element that seems inexhaustible. The show ran for seventy-two weeks at the Herald Square theater, New York, and this is its first appearance outside of the east. The producers claim it is the most lavishly costumed show that they have yet turned out and declare that the chorus of forty is an irresistible phalanx of pulchritude and feminine charm. The principals include Daphne Pollard, Anne Tasker, Arthur Clough, Myrtle

Dingwall, Blanche Savoy, Clarence Lydston, Fred Roberts and Maude Beatty.

It was understood from the first successful matinee of "Auction Pinochle" that it would go for a second week and longer at the Burbank. With the constant care and attention of Author Adolf Philipp and Producer Oliver Morosco, "Auction Pinochle" has rounded into the best possible shape and is going at a swift and sure gait. Jess Dandy, Frances Cameron, Walter Lawrence, Walter Catlett, Forrest Stanley and Winifred Bryson, with the remainder of the big Burbank company, have given the play the sort of talent to put it on the crest of success. There is much laughter in the show, and the music is of the sort that keeps the audience humming and whistling after it leaves the theater. The high cost of the production, with its unusual cast of stars, has made it necessary to raise the regular price of Burbank seats. This advance will go into effect with the Sunday matinee and will continue until the end of the "Auction Pinochle" run.

Fritzi Scheff, whose name is writ at the top of light opera annals, is the headliner offered by the Orpheum for its Easter week program, beginning Monday, April 13. Mlle. Scheff is well known in this city, where she has appeared several times. Possessed of the vivacity of her native Vienna, she has been called "the little devil of opera," for her abundant temperament has made her the center of several interesting little storms—without the usual incidental scandal, however. She is to be heard in groups of her famous successful songs, excerpts from her favorite operas. She is a beautiful woman, as well as a famous singer, and her wardrobe will enhance her pulchritude. Accompanying her is a large new bill. The Kaufman boys, blackface minstrel comedians, will have a good program. Shirli Rives first came into local prominence with "The Eternal Waltz" last season. This year she is appearing in "The Song of the Heart" with an excellent supporting company. "Fun in a Bowling Alley" will be offered by Edward Gillette's monkeys, with the funniest of Simians, Adam and Eve, in the leading roles. Willie and Elsie will be seen in gymnastic work. The hold-overs include Henry Woodruff, Ray Samuels, Mindel Kingston and George Ebner, and there will be the usual orchestral concert and motion views.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the chief feature of Miller's Theater will be the second episode of that fascinating serial photoplay, "The Perils of Pauline," which will have its initial production at this Ninth, Spring and Main street theater. The story is attracting big crowds and grows more exciting with each chapter. The Thursday show, which runs over Sunday, will be headed by Charles Klein's American dramatic stage success, "Daughters of Men," in five parts, produced by the same galaxy of stars that made those other Klein plays, "The Third Degree" and "The Lion and the Mouse," so successful at the Miller.

At the Mason Opera House the next dramatic attraction will be Chauncey Olcott in "Shameen Dhu," which opens a week's engagement April 27.

Gotham Enjoys "Things That Count"

"THINGS that Count," a new drama by Lawrence Eyre, is now running at the Playhouse under the management of William A. Brady, and it is making most wonderfully good. The first act takes place in the home of Mrs. Hennaberry. I say Mrs. Hennaberry, for Mr. Hennaberry does not count. He is a hen-pecked husband who does not learn until the end of the play that things would have gone much better with him and everybody concerned if he had stood up to Mrs. Hennaberry in the beginning of their married life and not let her make a mess of things. She is a most impossible old soul, alternating between a

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Week Beginning Monday, April 13

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Blue Streak of Ragtime A Vaudeville Flirtation
Last week here, HENRY WOODRUFF & CO., "A Regular Business Man"
Symphony orchestra concerts, 2 and 8 p. m. World's news in motion views.
Every Night at 8, 10-25-50-75c, Boxes \$1; Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c, Boxes 75c.
Saturday and Sunday Matinees, Night Prices.

MILLER'S THEATER—Home of the Plate Glass Mirror Screen

Mon., Tues. and Wed.—the second episode of that fascinating serial
THE PERILS OF PAULINE
Thurs., Fri., Sat. and Sun.—Chas. Klein's 5-part drama—DAUGHTERS OF MEN

crabbed woman of business and a tender-hearted, forgiving, sentimental old thing willing to let bygones be bygones. Long before the action of the play begins their only son married an actress and was therefore driven from home. He promptly became sick and died leaving his young widow and baby daughter to the tender mercy of a hard-hearted world. The mother has supported herself and child by doing sweatshop sewing. Her only friends have been her husband's friend, Dr. Stewart Marshall who has fallen in love with her and wants to marry her, and the old family butler who has stood by her because he loved the young master.

* * *

Knowing that it is useless to appeal to Mrs. Hennaberry, Dr. Randolph comes to Mr. Hennaberry Christmas eve and tells him about the little grandchild who is afflicted with a disease of the spine that necessitates an operation. Mr. Hennaberry determines to go to see her and to take with him a few of the playthings that belonged to his son. Mrs. Hennaberry comes upon the package and seeing her husband's writing jumps at the conclusion that he is leading a double life and determines to follow him. She is accompanied by her maid Ingeborg who is equally sure that Abraham the butler with whom she is in love, is the guilty man. She has once before followed Abraham to the tenement and knows that he goes to see Beulah Randolph. They arrive before Mr. Hennaberry. The mother has gone with her work to the store and the little grandchild is alone.

* * *

She is an imaginative little thing. The O'Donovans who live on the same floor and torment the life out of her when they get the chance are "the heathen that rage," Brooklyn bridge, which she can see from her window, leads to the towers of Camelot where her mother has gone and the old lady and Ingeborg are angels come "in strange guise." Mrs. Hennaberry falls in with all her little conceits and determines to give a party with a Christmas tree to which all the dwellers of the floor shall be invited. In the midst

of the preparations come the mother, the doctor, the butler and Mr. Hennaberry. The doctor predicts that little Beulah will not be able to stand the excitement, but it is too late to stop the merry-making, which reaches a climax when the Italians and the Irish get into a quarrel and little Dulcie collapses. The doctor, hurriedly summoned back, performs the operation. The mother finding out who her guests are promptly turns them out of doors. She cannot forgive their treatment of her husband for she knows that if they had been willing to forgive the marriage her husband's life might have been saved, for money was all that was needed.

At last the doctor pronounces little Dulcie out of danger and a general reconciliation takes place, but not until there has been much heart-breaking suspense and many pathetic incidents and comedy situations have been developed. One of the most charming moments is when the Italian mother conquers her bad self to the point of taking from the neck of her own child the chain that she wears as a protection from sickness and brings it to little Dulcie in the hope that it may save her. It is a bit exquisitely acted by Idalene Cotton. The play is well staged and acted though, at times, it would seem that the doctor is very careless of his little sick charge as after her operation she is so placed that she is conveniently visible to the audience and a constant stream of people passes in and out of the door that opens directly upon her bed as the exigencies of the play make it necessary for them to be on or off the stage. There is no doubt that in real life the child would never have survived the confusion, but it takes more than this to kill a stage child when her life is a necessary part of the happy living after. Florine Arnold is delightful as Mrs. Hennaberry and Alice Brady makes a charming daughter-in-law.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, April 6, 1914.

A new book by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, "The Progress of Eugenics," is promised by the Funk & Wagnalls Company for late spring.

Books

Christ seems a distant and unapproachable figure in these days of hard living. Many of us go to church and listen to sermons with close attention, so that we may dissect them and hold them up to condemnation for flaws of diction and logic. More often, too, it is the church and the preacher who can afford the greatest amount of advertising that gets the greatest crowds. Small wonder then that the natural skepticism of the human race is on the increase and that the divinity of Christ is not only sneered at, but questioned in a tawdry fashion. We feel the lack of sincerity in sermons which must be peddled like bargains at a shop counter. We feel the inappropriate atmosphere when a minister flings forth a sermon with slang and rough phrases and spectacular gesture, whether we be atheists, agnostics, or devotees. And in one recent book, simply written, reverently handled, there is more of a sermon than in all the ministerial pyrotechnics that blaze across the devotional sky. It is "Jesus Is Here," by Charles W. Sheldon. Whatever our attitude of mind, doubting, decrying, even bitterly atheistic, from the ages we inherit a certain reverence for Jesus of Nazareth, whether it be tradition or superstition. So, however the trained mind which rather fancies itself blasé seeks to discipline itself, there is a certain thrill of awe in Mr. Sheldon's simple introduction of Jesus into the swift life of the twentieth century. It is done with a reverence and yet a humanity that makes it very beautiful even to the unbelieving. He does not portray Jesus a superman, only a very human, tender soul, wearied with the sins of the world and yet hopeful for his children; a man who eats and drinks and sleeps and grows weary. He performs no miracles, only when a great mob, panic-stricken, becomes a seething mass of hysterical fear, his low cry, "Peace! Be still!" stills them as He stilled the waves at storm-swept Galilee. There is a strange quality in the incident that grips the emotions. It is the same swift rush of tears that one feels when the majestic fleet goes by, when a sunset blazes over a stormy ocean, or when a high, sweet strain of a violin rises to the pitch of exultation. The book cannot be judged from the usual standpoint. There will be those who will condemn it for irreverence, but these are the unseeing. It is beautifully handled and well worth reading. ("Jesus Is Here," By Charles M. Sheldon, George H. Doran Co.)

"Trail Dust of a Maverick"

Readers of the Los Angeles Express are familiar with the jocular comment of E. A. Brininstool, and also with the Western poems that have appeared in that paper and in popular magazines. He now blossoms forth as a full-fledged author with a volume of verses, "Trail Dust of a Maverick," with an introduction by Robert J. Burdette. There is the broad sweep of the lover of the great spaces in Mr. Brininstool's verses—the sympathy of the man who feels within him every mood of the out of doors. But it is in the peculiarly individual vein of the cowboy that he excels. What Frederick Remington did with color and brush, Brininstool does with the pen. The reader feels the genuine sense of kinship between the writer and that quaint species of the homo genus known as the cowboy. Perhaps, there is a slight tendency to restriction of expression and similarity of subject in Mr. Brininstool's verses,

but these are not unpleasant flaws, especially in dialect poems. He uses vivid colors with an intentional crudity entirely in keeping with his subjects, and his capability for dealing with emotions and with the beauties of nature is shown in several fine examples. However, the cowboy lyrics strike the most responsive chord, and one of the best of these is "Rainy Day in a Cow Camp." This is a genre picture:

Gusty sheets o' rain a-fallin';
Yellow slickers our attire;
Wet, bedraggled longhorns bawlin';
Cook a-cussin' at the fire.
Grub all water-soaked an' soggy;
Foreman's temper all a-flare;
Ev'ry puncher feelin' groggy;
'Dobe stickin' ev'rywhere.

Broncos standin' heads a-droopin';
All their ginger plumb soaked out;
Dumb to all the wrangler's whoopin'.
An' to ev'ry puncher's shout.
Saddles sloppy an' a-slipplin';
Cinches plastered full o' mud;
Ev'ry ol' sombrero drippin';
'Royos roarin' with the flood.

Ol' cow hawss a-slipplin', slidin'
Up an' down the slushy hills;
Punchers all humped up a-riddin';
Ev'ry minnit has its thrills.
Wind a-whistlin'; skies a-weepin';
Slickers flappin' when we lope;
Rain inside our chaps a-creepin';
Kinks an' knots in ev'ry rope.

Ev'rybody blue an' sour;
Not a sign o' sun in sight;
Jest a steady, soakin' shower.
When we ride to camp at night.
Blankets sozzled, wet an' mussy;
Tarp all damp an' feelin' strange;
Ev'ry puncher mad an' cussy,
Hopin' mornin' brings a change.

("Trail Dust of a Maverick." By E. A. Brininstool. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Her Ladyship's Courtship"

Youth sniffs at "middle-aged" love affairs, for to the bliss of mutual adoration at eighteen and twenty, the romances of thirty are laughable, while forty and fifty seem the maunderings of minds in their second childhood. The dear young things who picked up a story that dealt with older loves put it down with a sniff that condemned it as "poky." The majority of novelists and dramatists have accepted this view, but, gradually, the attitude is changing to a remarkable degree. The love affairs of early youth seem but bubbles to maturity; it is the love of men and women who have lived, loved, suffered, and have realized life, that make the most interesting psychological study. Youth is still the greatest thing in the world, however. Today there is no age until senility is reached. No longer does a woman smooth down her hair and retire into a corner with her knitting when she passes the quarter-century mark. The woman of today is perpetually young. She is interested in life, in love, in books and plays and politics. She keeps her mind alert and young, and with exercise and good care she keeps her body elastic and her eyes clear. She has become a comrade as well as a sex attraction. She has resented the inequality which gave men all and women nothing, and she is wrestling her rights from the world. Today it is the woman who is the creature of destiny. It is with this problem that Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler deals to a certain extent in her latest novel, "Her Ladyship's Conscience." Mrs. Fowler is a novelist of power, femininely inclined to the "happy ending" so dear to woman's heart. But she has a gift of satire and of humor that is never unkindly, she paints people with human traits, not with story book characteristics. Her heroine is Lady Esther Wyvern, who has reached the age of forty without a lover. She is still as virginal as a

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convent girl, but her mind has been developed to strength and power by study and contemplation. A younger cousin comes into her life and falls in love with her. But the discrepancy in their ages will not permit her to yield to his importunities. She refuses to marry him and deliberately invites a strikingly beautiful young girl down to visit them, with the inevitable result that the man succumbs to the physical beauty and forgets the attraction of the mind. Esther finds a certain peace in their marriage, until the day she realizes that she has wronged her lover in giving him up, that she has forced upon him a wife who is a hindrance instead of a help. Of course, the wife is conveniently killed in a motor accident, and Esther and Wilfred find their ultimate happiness—which never happens in real life. How often conscientious women wreak havoc through their efforts to do the right thing. After all, is there not more chance of finding the real meaning of life through taking the gifts the gods offer without stopping to analyze and question? And yet, Esther would never have been happy, nor would Wilfred have appreciated her, had the first marriage never occurred. It is an interesting problem, and one handled wittily but delicately by the author. ("Her Ladyship's Conscience," By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. George H. Doran Co.)

Magazines For April

Our diplomatic service provides a good anvil for the hammerers of politics and magazines, and David Jayne

Hill considers it well in his article in Harper's for April entitled "Shall we Standardize our Diplomatic Service?" Sir Oliver Lodge asks "What Is Gravity?" and Carrie Chapman Catt—unfortunate name—is interesting in "A Survival of Matriarchy." Ellsworth Huntington writes of "The Mystery of the Yucatan Ruins" and Henry Seidel Canby is timely in "Writing English." In fiction is found Arnold Bennett's novel, "The Price of Love" and such short stories as "The Back Door," by Clarence Day, Jr., "Strangleigh of the Gold Coast," by G. B. Lancaster, "Daniel," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, "Aunt Elizabeth" by Owen Oliver and "The Confidential Doll Insurance Company," by Vale Downie.

Madame Du Barry, her beauty and her intrigues, has been a delectable feast for many a novelist, and the latest to deal with her is H. De Vere Stacpoole who has a wandering tale, "The Presentation," in novelette form in Lippincott's for April. The letters written to Francis Newton Thorpe, by Horace Howard Furness, with comment thereon, are given space by the recipient, and E. Adrian von Muffling has a special article on "The Aeroplane and War." Short stories are "The Breaking of Carmela," by Mary Heaton Vorse, "An Agacella Or," by Rex T. Stout, "The Amazon," by Mary Brecht Pulver, "The Revenge of Rats Keeler," by W. F. French, and "Amo Te," by Lucy Stone Terrill, the last bringing back the high school days of the reader so vividly that there is a trace of tears in the fun it evokes.

Notes From Bookland

Among biographical studies the Appletons will have ready next week George Moore's concluding volume in the trilogy of his life, "Ave," "Salve," and "Vale." It will bear the title, "Hail and Farewell—Vale," and in it Mr. Moore will review his entire life, including the story of his final return to the land of his birth. At about the same time will come from the Stokes Company S. S. McClure's "My Autobiography," in which that famous publisher tells the story of the rise of an immigrant boy through struggles and hardships to success. It contains a wealth of interesting anecdote, for Mr. McClure has known intimately the authors and editors of two generations and two hemispheres. Alleyne Ireland will set forth in his "Life of Joseph Pulitzer" how another immigrant boy, with only ambition and tireless energy as his initial assets, won for himself success, great wealth, and a dominant position in the newspaper world. For some years before Mr. Pulitzer's death Mr. Ireland was one of his personal secretaries, and has since held a position of importance on the New York World. The book will be published within a few days by Mitchell Kennerley.

Fine poet that he undoubtedly was, Frederic Mistral, who died at Marseilles recently, will probably be remembered outside of his own and other of the Latin countries for his patriotic attempt to rescue a dying language from oblivion rather than for his contributions to literature. To perpetuate the glories of the language of Provence he devoted all the poetic eloquence and imagination with which he was so plentifully endowed. Not only did he thus enrich the creative literature of his country, he undertook and completed the laborious task of compiling a dictionary of the Provençal idioms. His aim was a lofty one, as disinterested and romantic in a way as some of the deeds told of the ancient troubadours of his beloved country. And as a troubadour of modern Provence he will long be remembered. His most famous work, "Mireille," a sort of pastoral epic, is a worthy monument to his art and his patriotism.

Mitchell Kennerley's Modern Drama series, in which there have been seven titles since its initiation last September, is an instance of the growing interest in plays in book form. The aim of this series is to bring to American readers English versions of the best present-day dramatic literature of the countries of Europe, of England, and America. Mr. Kennerley is about to add another volume to this series—D. H. Lawrence's "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd."

Ray Strachey's "A Quaker Grandmother: Hannah Whitall Smith," is issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company this week. Mrs. Smith's "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," first published nearly forty years ago, has been translated into many languages and has sold literally by the million copies. This present book shows her in the intimate relations of daily life and has been written by one of her grandchildren.

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh's "Fremont and '49" the Putnams will bring out early next month. The author, whose account of his own trip across the Grand Canyon won for him a special niche in the hearts of all lovers of adventure, while giving a comprehensive review of the whole of Fremont's dramatic career, has paid special attention to his connection with the exploration and development of the Western mountains and coast.

Browne & Howell Company will introduce next month a new author, Lee Robinet, whose novel, "The Forest Maiden," is an outdoor story, full of thrills, whose descriptions reveal the hand of an experienced naturalist.

The Macmillans will soon bring before the public a new writer of fiction

in the person of Margaret Lynn of the English faculty of the university of Kansas. Her book, "A Step-Daughter of the Prairies," chronicles the day-by-day experiences of a prairie family and reveals the gradual changing of a child's fear and dislike of the vast spaces into understanding and love.

Early next month the Appletons will have ready "Keeping Up Appearances," by Maximilian Foster, which tells of the disaster in which a nice young couple landed by trying to live just as other people did. It tells also how they extricated themselves from trouble and learned to live sanely afterward.

In "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men," soon to be published by the Yale University Press, Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale University, has brought together biographies of seventy-eight Yale men who have had great influence upon American life. Much of the material has been drawn from old diaries and letters.

A life story that has held its vitality through the centuries because the man who lived it was himself so big and so vital is told once more, this time by A. J. Anderson, in "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," which is on the spring list of Brentano's. The author endeavors to bring out the manysidedness of Leonardo's genius and to show him in close alliance with every big, forward interest of his time.

Another man whose personality looms large in the development of the West, Kit Carson, the famous scout, guide, Indian fighter, and Indian friend, will have the first authorized biography, that will give him his due place in the story of the winning of the West, at the hands of Edwin L. Sabin. It will be published this month by A. C. McClurg & Co.

From across the ocean will come, the middle of April, through J. B. Lippincott Company, a new story by Frank Danby, entitled "In Full Swing." The John Lane Company will bring out "Red Wrath," by John Oxenham, and "Hunt the Slipper," by Oliver Madox Hueffer, a jolly bit of extravaganza in which the characters tell the story in turn.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's account of his own "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," wherein he tells what he saw and thought and felt while he was traveling about and trading his verses for bread, will soon be published by Mitchell Kennerley. Mr. Lindsay is the author of that widely read poem, "Gen. William Booth Enters Into Heaven."

The Scribners will publish next month the first authorized translation into English of four plays by Leonid Andreyeff, famous throughout all Europe. They are, "The Life of Man," "Caterina Ivanovna," "Savva," "The Black Maskers." The translation with an introduction, is by F. N. Scott and C. L. Meader.

If your desire is not for the pomps and powers of earth, here is "The Evolution of a Missionary," in which Charlotte B. de Forest tells the story of the life and labors of John Hyde De Forest for nearly forty years as a missionary in Japan. It is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Sinclair Lewis, whose "Our Mr. Wrenn" has gone into a second edition within a month of publication, has been a journalist and magazine editor in several cities of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and of the Middle West.

Natalie Sumner Lincoln acquired the local color and the inside information in her detective story, "The Man Inside," as a special writer for a Washington newspaper.

Gordon Gardiner, author of "The Reconnaissance," is a Scotchman who has traveled, worked, and fought over most of the habitable globe.

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Miles with a Dog Sled" over a large part of Alaska, with heroic adventures and thrilling experiences and vivid pictures of outdoor life and of many kinds of people. Charles Scribner's Sons promise the book this month.

The Macmillans are just publishing Rabindranath Tagore's "The Post Office," a play in two acts, which in subject matter is said to be comparable with "The Bluebird," while their recent publication of John Masefield's drama, "The Tragedy of Pompey," is meeting a warm welcome.

This month a new novel by Leonard Merrick is to be published by Mitchell Kennerley, called "When Love Flies Out of the Window." The same house has nearly ready "The Enemy of Woman," by Winifred Graham, and next week will issue "Great Days," by Frank Harris, a novel dealing with the period of Napoleon.

"Queed" was not, after all, Henry Sydnor Harrison's first book. Under the pseudonym, "Henry Second," Small, Maynard & Co. had published for him in February, 1911, a novel entitled "Captivating Mary Carstairs," which that house is about to reissue under the author's real name with an explanatory "foreword" by him.

Concerning Norman Hinsdale Pitman's "The Lady Elect: A Chinese Romance," the National Review, of Shanghai, says that in it "we get a new Lafcadio Hearn doing better for China what has been done, but done in morbid revolt, for Japan."

B. W. Huebsch has ready for publication volumes 3 and 4 of the "Dramatic Works" of Gerhart Hauptmann, edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Seven plays are presented, of which three have never before been translated.

John N. Raphael, who "discovered" Marguerite Andoux and translated "Marie Claire" into English and has recently performed the same service for Antonin Dussere's "Jean and Louise," is the Paris correspondent for several English papers and magazines.

Mary Antin, whose "Promised Land" has had a wide and interested audience will publish a new book in a month or two through the Houghton Mifflin Company. It will be called "They Who Knock at Our Gates."

"The Truth About Woman," by C. Gasquoine Hartley, (Mrs. Walter Galliehan), has met with such a warm welcome in this country that it is now in its fifth large edition, with its sales steadily growing.

W. L. George's "The Making of an

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 7, 1914.

019945. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that William J. Hacker, whose post-office address is 400 So. Fremont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 22nd day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019945, to purchase the NW¼NE¼, NE¼NW¼, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00 and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE
STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

In and for the County of Los Angeles.
No. B-3869. Department No. 10.

In the matter of the application of Bolte Manufacturing Company, a corporation, for dissolution of said Corporation. NOTICE is hereby given that Bolte Manufacturing Company, a Corporation, formed under the laws of the State of California, with its principal place of business in the city of Los Angeles, State of California, has presented to the Superior Court a petition praying that an order be made dissolving said corporation, and that Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time and the court room of department 10 of said Superior Court in the Court House in the city of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, as the place at which said application is to be heard.

Witness my hand and seal of said Superior Court, this 24th day of March, 1914.

H. J. LEILAND,
Clerk of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(Seal) F. J. ADAMS, Deputy.
NOLEMAN AND SMYSER,
Attorneys for Applicant

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 10, 1914.

011047. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Nelly E. Hunter, of Topanga, Cal., who, on July 11, 1910, made Homestead Entry, No. 011047, for S¼SE¼, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 28th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: John S. Wood, Morton Allen, John S. Hunter, Herman Hetcher, all of Topanga, California.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

Professional and Business Directory

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Englishman" went into a second edition within three weeks of its American publication.

Stocks & Bonds

Union Oil did not surrender one whit its place in the center of the stage on the local stock market this week. At this writing suspense still exists regarding the outcome of the negotiations between Andrew Weir and R. Tilden Smith and the Union people, but consummation will be reached shortly. Until then the stock will probably reveal no definite movement. It has maintained a very strong tone, and is now selling at nearly \$75 a share. Union Provident and United Petroleum stocks have been quiet, and are but little higher than Union Oil.

Annual report of the Associated Oil Company, which was issued this week, proved a favorable document, but failed to lift that stock from the rut for more than a brief space. The statement of earnings showed profits after deducting operating expenses, maintenance, and all fixed charges, amounting to \$3,746,482, and a balance after further deductions, applicable to dividends, of \$1,822,412. The company paid out about \$1,200,000 in dividends last year.

General Petroleum Company's annual statement, also issued this week, is devoted in considerable part to a retrospect of the efforts made to re-finance the corporation's needs last year, which finally resulted in the deal with the representatives of the Western Ocean Syndicate.

Traders Oil Company held its annual meeting last Tuesday and while the statement of December 31 makes a rather poor showing, it is demonstrated that the assessment of \$3 a share has put the corporation firmly on its feet again. The belief is expressed that if all circumstances continue satisfactory, the company will be out of debt in a short time.

Amalgamated Oil stock is heavy, owing to the smaller recent production of the company. The future of Amalgamated is much more promising, however, than it was, say six months ago.

While Union has been the center of attention, there has also been a revival of interest in the low-priced oil issues, especially those affected by the government suits. Favorable advices from the east regarding the new land-leasing bill have stimulated the issues, and they are much improved in tone.

In the industrial list Los Angeles Investment is still depressed. Disclosures have been made relative to a scandal involving an alleged black-mailing scheme, but this development has not been of a character to affect the stock particularly. The company paid a balance of \$21,000 on 500 acres of the Baldwin ranch, by virtue of which it has acquired full title thereto. A few shares of Home Telephone preferred changed hands, but for the rest the industrials as well as bank issues, bonds and mining stocks are dull. Security Trust and Savings bank stock is a little firmer.

Nothing of remarkable significance has been unearthed in the money market of late, and no particular change in the situation is revealed. Stock markets generally need a tonic.

Banks and Banking

National banks of the country gained \$182,130,936 in loans and discounts between January 13 and April 4, according to a statement issued today by the controller of the currency. Cash de-

creased \$13,852,304, and individual deposits gained \$39,263,704. In the middle western states the report says: "Banks in Chicago show gains since last call in loans of \$33,663,007, in cash of \$6,985,733, with a decrease in deposits of \$2,881,482. Compared with a year ago, gains are shown in loans of \$1,747,469, in cash of \$17,339,537, and in deposits of \$10,834,394. Banks in St. Louis show decreases since last call in loans of \$1,983,499, in cash of \$2,047,290, and in deposits of \$1,517,808; also decreases since a year ago in loans of \$12,251,293, in cash \$866,975, and deposits of \$4,687,044. The other reserve city banks, while showing gains since the last call in loans of \$7,140,415, report decreases in cash of \$4,535,892 and deposits of \$11,480,808, with the following decreases since a year ago: In loans, \$11,983,820; cash, \$994,534, and deposits, \$5,598,353. Country banks report gains since last call in loans of \$7,202,680 and in deposits of \$29,038,603, but a decrease in cash of \$4,396,454, with the following increase over a year ago: In loans, \$20,042,730; cash, \$113,792; deposits, \$38,741,412."

Bond and Stock Briefs

Opinions of bond men differ considerably about the investment demand for railroad bonds at this time of declining earnings. Some say they are doing a good business, while others describe the market as perfectly flat. Evidently, investors are exercising a great deal of discrimination in their purchases, and the records show that first mortgage issues, well secured, are moving much faster than others which carry a considerably higher income yield.

Municipal bonds brought out by United States municipalities, including states and counties, in March, amounted to \$44,855,111, according to the Daily Bond Buyer. This amount includes temporary loans of \$8,990,000. Permanent flotations of \$35,865,111 compare with \$26,870,680 in February and \$84,219,779 in January of this year. The permanent financing arranged in March of 1913 amounted to \$16,269,972. Sales of permanent bonds for the first quarter of this year were \$146,955,578, or larger than in any corresponding period of preceding years.

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ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

021743. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW 1/4, Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

List 5-1800-2057.
**RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS
IN NATIONAL FOREST**

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 55 acres, within the Angeles & Santa Barbara National Forests, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on May 14, 1914. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to May 14, 1914, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The NW 1/4 SW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 7, T. 1 N., R. 9 W., S. B. M., 5 acres, application of Mrs. Mary Shook, Azusa, California; List 5-1800. The NE 1/4 SE 1/4, the SE 1/4 NW 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 13, T. 6 N., R. 18 W., 50 acres, application of F. D. Maxwell, Roosevelt, California; List 5-2057. JOHN McPHAIL.

Acting Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.
February 11, 1914.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 30, 1913.

012937. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Felipe Neris Valenzuela, of Santa Monica, California, who, on April 23, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 012937, for N 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 27, S 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 11th day of May, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Miller, C. O. Montague, Frank Siert, Charles Fannetti, all of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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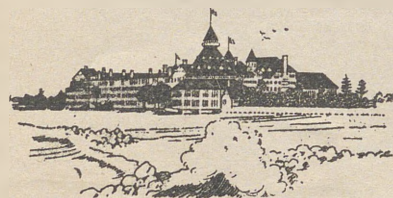
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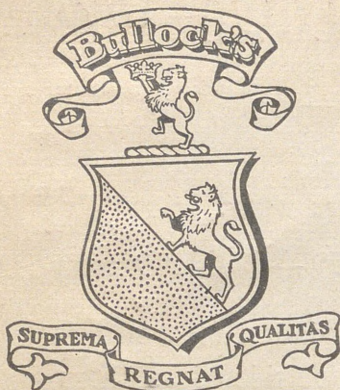
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